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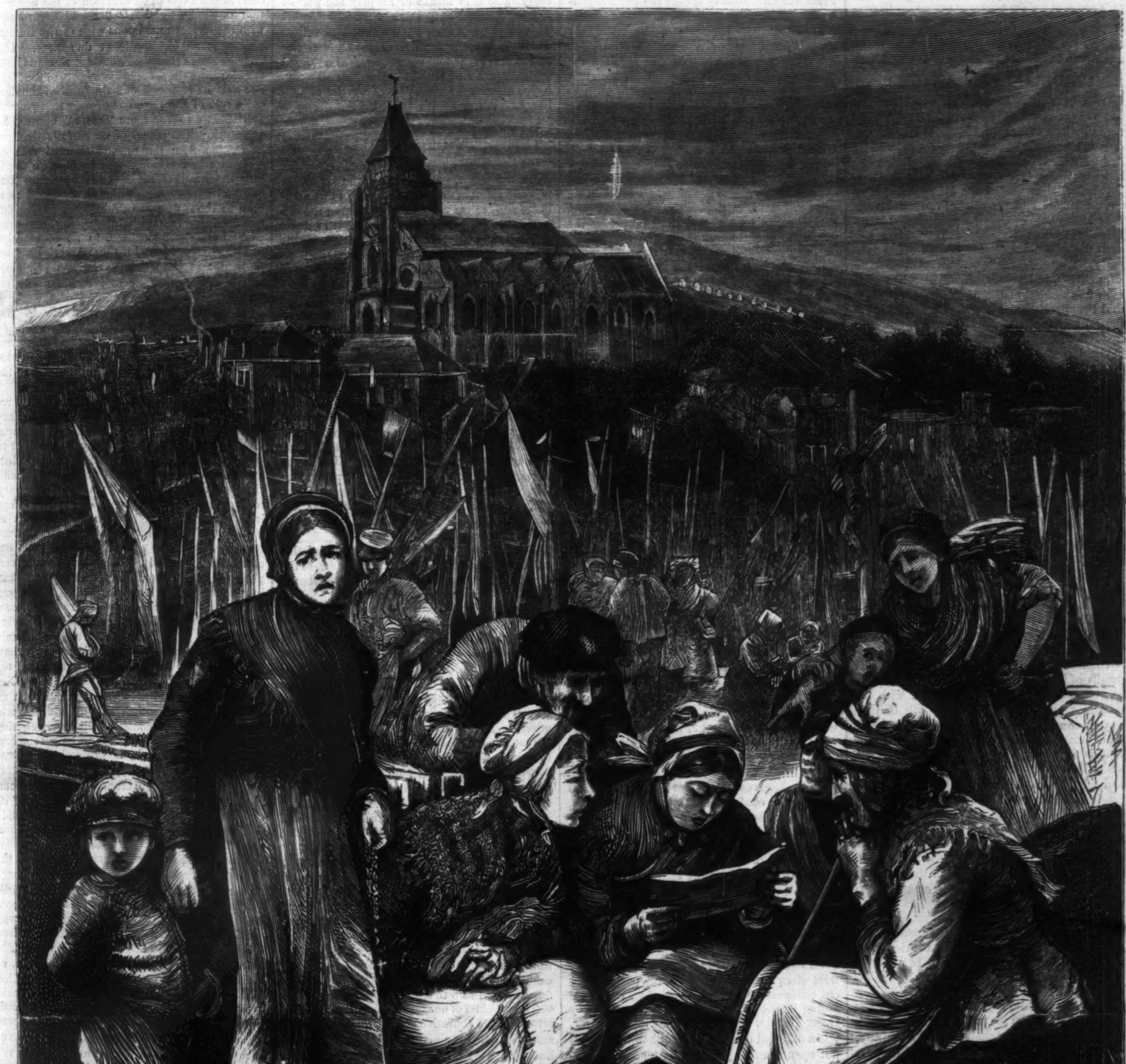

ANXIOUS TIMES—FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN READING NEWS FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.—[See Page 830.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

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## THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS.

THE President's Message has now been carefully considered, and the general impression made by it is most favorable. It is a simple, direct document, the very plainness of the style, as in Mr. LINCOLN's messages, suggesting the honesty which is characteristic of the man. The immediate effect of the Message has been the confirmation of the general feeling that the Republican hold of the country is secure. Before the elections it was supposed that there was such dissatisfaction of many kinds within the party that a very serious reduction of the party's strength would be revealed. There had been such frank and firm criticism upon many points that the opposition really seemed to believe that the criticism meant radical hostility, and that it was not impossible that the Democratic force in the House might be enough to perplex its action. The elections dissipated this expectation. They showed the Republican party, despite the quarrels which had cost it several representatives, virtually unshaken. The suggestion of a new party which was made by a powerful journal at the West, lately Republican, was absolutely without response. There was a reaction of feeling from the criticism and censure of the year, although the retirement of General COX left an unpleasant feeling that the Administration was too indifferent to civil service reform. But the Message has happily restored Republican unity of feeling, and its distinct expression of opinion upon subjects which had occasioned differences of feeling in the party is manly and sagacious.

But those who therefore conclude that the criticism was superfluous and ridiculous seem to us profoundly mistaken. An able Administration asks nothing more earnestly than friendly counsel. Honorable men engaged in the details of government, and surrounded by interested politicians, are not familiar with the movement of public opinion, nor can they always accurately measure the popular effect of their measures. A faithful but friendly criticism is therefore what they especially need and wish. Power of every kind has flatterers enough, and a Republican Administration is not an exception to the rule. If the party press supported every Executive opinion and policy through thick and thin, it might very easily destroy the ascendency of the party; and nothing is of higher promise for the permanency of Republican control in the country than the fact that the Republican press is sensible enough to be independent.

But criticism to be serviceable must be friendly. If the inevitable result of constant remark upon an Administration is the conviction in the reader's mind that the party in power is thoroughly corrupt, or hopelessly under the direction of dishonest or incompetent leaders, it is hard to understand that the critic does not intend to defeat the party. There is a sneering tone, which is unmistakably that of hostility, which intensely gratifies an enemy of the officer or act criticised, and which also instantly alienates a friend. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS's criticisms of the Republican party in Massachusetts, for instance, were certainly not friendly. No Democratic orator in the country could have so delighted his party friends as Mr. PHILLIPS by his gibes and kicks at the only party from which real progress in the government can be expected. It was an illustration of the kind of criticism which exasperates and does not reform. But there is another kind which has not been spared; and to say, as we observe some papers do say, with a smile, that every thing would have proceeded in exactly the same way if there had been no remark, is to beg the question, and to assert that the Administration can not, or will not, be influenced by criticism —an assertion which is so disparaging that no sincere friend of the President or of his party would willingly believe it.

The Message shows President GRANT to be in sympathy with the best feeling and purpose of the party. His position upon the revenue reform question, as it is rather vaguely called, is clearly defined, and is that of the mass of his friends. It involves that mutual concession which we have formerly mentioned as indispensable. If revenue reform implies raising the revenue by direct taxation, the President says that he is opposed to it. Still more is he opposed to it, of course, if it means any form of repudiation; for he has not failed to observe, although he does not mention the fact, that the repudiators, and those who are indifferent to the honest fulfillment of the national obligations, are all loud for revenue reform; and that the only practical effect of dividing the Republican party by a cry of revenue reform would be to bring the Democratic party into power—a party whose steady tendency is to a policy of repudiation. If there must be a tariff, it is grateful to the President so far as it encourages home products and the development of resources indispensable to national independence, and at living wages; and this tariff he would have levied upon luxuries. In these views the President undoubtedly speaks the general conviction of the country.

He also invites this Congress to remedy the abuse known as the civil service system. He would have a law which would regulate the manner of all appointments. He states that there is no duty which so much embarrasses every department as this thankless and arduous business; and he says, in words which will be memorable as those of a President of the United States at a time when the number of offices is so enormous: "The present system does not secure the best men, and often not even fit men, for a public place. The elevation and purification of the civil service of the government will be hailed with approval by the whole people of the United States." If the Republican party will say amen to this distinct and emphatic declaration of the President, it has the opportunity opened to it of instantly awakening the most enthusiastic sympathy of the most intelligent and, in many senses, the best part of the country.

There are other points of the Message upon which there will be differences of opinion. But they are not points of Republican policy. The true policy and movement of the party are admirably defined in the closing paragraph: honesty, ability, and economy of administration; reduction of taxes as rapidly as the situation will admit, and so as to afford the greatest relief to the greatest number; reform in the treatment of the Indians, and in the civil service; and finally, the purity of elections. With these the President separately urges the most careful attention to the interests of education as indispensable to good government. This is the summary of a policy which the country demands, which is essential to its continued prosperity and progress, and which is to be expected only from the Republican party.

## HAS ENGLAND SURRENDERED?

THE Government of Great Britain is accused of "surrender" to Russia because it has assented to a conference upon the question of the Black Sea. But Lord GRANVILLE never refused a conference. On the contrary, his first note to Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, which was considered so belligerent, distinctly stated that England could not sanction the course announced by Russia; but that if Russia had invited a conference, England would have gladly accepted it. Now a conference is proposed. Russia, in accepting it, certainly modifies its contemplated action, while England assents upon condition that there shall be no foregone conclusion when the conference assembles. There is no surrender here. It is the course of humanity and good sense. The principle laid down by Lord GRANVILLE was undoubtedly just—that a joint treaty could not be subject to the arbitrary interpretation of any single signer. But war was not, even in such a case, unavoidable. Joint treaties, like that of Vienna, for instance, were often violated by some of the parties without occasioning war. But whether, even supposing Russia to violate a principle asserted by Great Britain, it was advisable to go to war, was a different question, and one to be decided not upon abstract grounds, but upon consideration of the best interests of England.

To insist that there has been a surrender because there is to be no war is the device of those who, for their own purposes, would gladly see a war. But what has Europe or America or civilization, or any good thing whatever, to gain by a war between Russia and England, or by a general European war? What incalculable suffering the people of Europe, especially of Germany and France, must for many a year endure because of the present terrible war in France! What unspeakable misery among the people followed the Thirty Years' War, and the wars of the Succession! A point of honor, as it is called, between nations may be as shadowy and Quixotic as between individuals, and a war for the sake of "honor" may be as black a crime, but indefinitely multiplied by its greater extent, as a duel between two men. Those who hoped for a war because of a wish to see England, in a sense, at our mercy, under the opportunity to wink at retaliation for the *Alabama*, would probably have applauded General BUTLER's Boston speech. But they are not very favorable specimens of Americans. If we really believe that war is a misfortune, let us, at least, make some little honorable effort to avoid it. To blow and cherish every spark is not the surest way of preventing a flame.

In the last ten years we have all seen two great wars. One was our own; the other is now raging. The first was as truly a holy war as was ever waged. It was in defense of a government and of civil order founded upon human liberty. To have yielded to the demands of slavery and secession would have been the basest betrayal of the highest human interests, and of the mildest and most reasonable government in the world. But the war in France is one which its ruler wantonly provoked, which the French adopted instead of repudiating, and which threatens their destruction. LOUIS NAPOLEON had some theory of the "honor" of France demanding war. But what could he possibly know about honor? Is any nation justified in making war until it has exhausted every honorable means of keeping the peace? Is it a "surrender" to agree to confer amicably with an equal partner upon a proposed action, which, in the nature of the case, he is at liberty to take? Would not a partner who refused to confer, after he had himself suggested a conference, justly be regarded as worthy of outlawry?

## THE DUTY OF THE MAJORITY.

THE financial question will become every day more important. Interest in what is called revenue reform is one of the signs of this tendency, and, as we ventured to say when the difference in Missouri declared itself, it is desirable for the Republican party to determine its position. Statesmanship, of course, is the power of dealing with the actual situation; and what is that? Is it not that as the necessarily heavy taxation caused the people to study the subject, the great non-manufacturing part of the population, which is, perhaps, nine-tenths of the whole, will see that they are paying heavily for the advantage of the one-tenth? We do not now say whether it is not really a general advantage for which the nine-tenths ought to be willing to pay. But as a fact they will not see this, and the sudden and general demolition of the tariff which might follow would be disastrous to great classes of laborers. It should be remembered that the labor of the country is fully organized upon the present system, and that a swift radical change of any kind would be a wide calamity. Extreme legislation upon the subject is therefore to be most warmly deprecated.

But there is a constant pressure toward this extreme legislation. The manufacturers, or the protected class, were very unwilling to assent to any reduction whatever of the duties upon foreign goods, even when their own internal taxes had been seriously diminished. Their policy seems to be to demand constantly increasing rates. The maker of tables wants protection because the maker of chairs has it. Legislators are not always chosen for their knowledge or sagacity, and they are often unable to see why B should not have the same favor from government that A enjoys. The consequence is that the tendency of a tariff is to constant increase. But if the tendency of thought is, as we have suggested, under the pressure of taxation, to require rapid reductions, the more extreme the legislation and the higher the tariff, the more disastrous the possible result will be. Is not the true policy of the Republican party evident? Whether a Representative be a free-trader or a protectionist, ought he not to conform his action to the actual situation? If the free-traders, as they improperly call themselves, if they do not wish free trade, should find themselves a majority, and should sweep away all the duties upon industries which now employ large numbers of laborers, the action would be folly, not statesmanship. And it would be the same if the protectionists should force the tariff up to still heavier rates.

The mischief of our tariff legislation has hitherto been the confusion and paralysis which result from unsteady action. Now a high tariff and now a low is a policy of incessant uncertainty, and consequently lamentable loss. The duty upon salt, for instance, is very high —higher probably than it should be. But it would be disastrously unwise to reduce the duty so suddenly and enormously as to deprive laborers of their work. However sound the theory of free trade may be, however true it may be that different countries produce different articles of consumption, and that perfect freedom of exchange would not only secure to all countries what they want at the cheapest rates, but would also tend by a consciousness of mutual dependence to keep the peace of the world, yet as society is not organized upon that principle, its sudden introduction, like that of fresh air under certain circumstances to an invalid, would be lamentable.

The true policy of administration, therefore, is the avoidance of extreme legislation; and as the protectionists are probably in the majority, their first care should be to reduce and simplify the tariff. They should avoid the tendency to heighten the duties in any direction, and strenuously cultivate that of lowering them in all. If, indeed, prohibition were desirable, or if high protection could stand the light of the modern and growing thought in the country, which it certainly can not, then a steady hold of high duties would be politic. But if our judgment of the sure tendency of opinion be correct, it is true statesmanship to act accordingly, and to save the country the consequences of a sudden demolition of the high tariff policy. The majority should advance to meet the growing change in sentiment, and to secure that steadiness which is essential to confidence and prosperity. This can be done wisely only by being done gradually; and that is the significance of the President's remark in his Message: "A true revenue reform can not be made in a day, but must be the work of national legislation and time."

## AMERICA AND ROME.

THE address of the American Roman Catholics to the Pope upon occasion of the occupation of Rome by the Italians, in accordance with the almost unanimous wish of the Roman people, is an extraordinary document. The address states that the American Roman Catholics "revere the sacred sovereignty of the Holy See over its temporal domain." Now the despotic rule of the governor of a certain part of Italy is in no sense more "sacred" because he is also the chief officer of an ecclesiastical organization than the unconstitutional rule of VICTORIA in England would be because she is also the head of the English Church. The spiritual sovereignty of the Pope may be sacred to those who are of his Church, but his temporal government, which was probably the worst in Christendom, was in no conceivable sense "sacred." And if these Americans "repudiate and condemn the lawless injustice" which has respectfully and considerately reduced the temporal dominion of the Pope, what do they think and say of the lawless injustice of the Papal rule over the wretched people who were subject to it? Is the sympathy of American Roman Catholics devoted to the one man only who rules, and not to the million of men who are ruled?

In this document these Americans also profess faith in the divine right of rulers. They declare that as the Vicar of Christ the Papal governor of Rome is entitled by divine right to complete liberty in the exercise of his office, and that he has "the most perfect of human rights to civil princedom," which is necessary to that liberty. If this really means any thing, it is that the Pope has the divine right to govern a million of men as he chooses, because otherwise he could not properly fulfill his ecclesiastical functions. It is certainly not surprising that Father FARRELL suggested that, instead of merely hurrahing over such an extraordinary declaration, his society should consider it a little. The very necessity of saying such things, if any thing at all were said, should have suggested to American citizens, of whatever faith, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope could not be successfully defended. Nothing can be more preposterous than such an argument for despotism as this address proclaims. And not content with asserting that the Pope has a divine right to be a temporal irresponsible monarch, it proceeds to allege that these Americans have a right, as Roman Catholics, to be "governed by a chief completely exempted from and independent of all civil authority, for in no other condition could our intercourse with him be free and unrestricted."

This, again, is the statement that, unless the Bishop of Rome has absolute power as a temporal monarch, his Papal functions are impeded. But if this be so, the argument is much more sweeping than the address implies. For why should that absolute temporal power be limited to a certain tract in the centre of Italy? The Pope is no more independent, in this sense, as the head of a little state of less than a million of inhabitants, as history shows, than he would be at the head of the Leonine City. Indeed, he is not so independent, as the head of a scant million of unwilling subjects, as he is as master of a square mile of territory guaranteed by the power of Italy. The Pope's independence of all civil authority certainly does not depend upon the extent of the domain granted to him. He may be as independent in a single palace, under guarantees, as he ever was in the Roman states. But if space and absolute political supremacy over its population are indispensable to this independence, there must be a domain and a people so large as to make foreign coercion impossible. So it is merely absurd to insist upon his late little Roman states as satisfying the conditions demanded.

Moreover, if he must be "independent of all civil authority," no other state in the world may rightfully put any barrier in the way. If, therefore, the Government of the United States continues to recognize the Government of the kingdom of Italy, after the "sacrilegious violence" with which it has "assaulted" the governor of Rome, the United States deny the divine Papal right to the absolute rule of a people who were never consulted, and the United States violate the right of American Roman Catholics to a free and unrestricted intercourse with the head of their Church. And all this because the Pope, instead of remaining the ruler of the Roman states, is now the ruler of a part of a city. The allegation of the address is that certain Italians must be subject to a government which they unanimously abhor in order that certain Americans may have free access to their chief bishop. It is certainly remarkable that any Americans should declare their religious rights to be invaded unless the political rights of another people are destroyed.

This address will suggest to other Americans that the only religious denomination in the country which feels itself to be injured by the progress of political liberty elsewhere is the only denomination which steadily pursues political purposes among ourselves.

## THE PERILS OF LETTER-WRITING.

THERE is nothing more dangerous to the ambition of a public man than letter-writing. Whatever a man privately writes at any time, under any circumstances, is sure to be published, and, of course, interpreted without consideration of any circumstance whatever. Indeed, the right of the public to any thing belonging to a person in whom there is public interest is now so broadly asserted that no man who is famous, or who may become famous, can write a note declining an invitation to dine with a friend without incurring the risk of its earlier or later publicity. A great deal of the most entertaining and really illustrative literature, however, is of this personal kind, and all that can be fairly asked is that there be discretion used in the publication. It is not characteristic information about noted persons, it is twaddling gossip, which makes the offense of "personalities." Some of the most valuable books are in the strictest sense personal memoirs and private correspondence, which is private only in the form, and the publication of which gratifies every body and harms nobody.

Those who are in official position, however, ought to feel that whatever they say of official personages and actions, in dispatches to other official personages, throws upon them a responsibility which they can not avoid. Nor ought they to wish to avoid it. An officer in the military or naval service, for instance, should certainly not write any thing of a fellow-officer which he does not believe; while a man who is so far mastered by his feelings as to write intemperately will honorably confess that he was angry and did wrong. But the pen is a perilous servant; its very fidelity betrays its master. It relentlessly immortalizes a moment of foolish passion. It confounds a man by his own folly. There is a subtile little picture, by one of the younger artists in England, called "How they met themselves." A haggard man and woman suddenly encounter a ghostly vision of a fair youth and maid—their former, better selves. In the same way, but reversely, the calm man of to-day is confronted in his old letters with the angry man of yesterday, and he is confounded to think that it is he.

Admiral PORTER was thus confounded probably when he read his old letter to Secretary WELLES about General GRANT. The difficulty of the situation, however, was not that he had written the letter, nor that it was published, but that he had not long ago told the President that at the time of the Fort Fisher attack he had written of him in a manner which he now believed to be not justified. Then the weapon would have been harmlessly aimed at the Admiral, for the charge would have been drawn. And the President's feeling of surprise would have been avoided, because it did not spring, of course, from the fact that Admiral PORTER thought ill of him, but that if he thought ill he should have seemed friendly; or that if he were really friendly, he should not have removed the sting of an earlier expression of ill-feeling by confession. It is always easy, indeed, to be wise after the event. But this case was very simple. The Admiral knew of the letter, and he must also have known how very fragile the seal of secrecy was.

If, however, the grade of admiral in the navy be retained, the fact that Admiral PORTER thought and wrote in an unfriendly tone of General GRANT does not make him less fit for the position, unless, indeed, upon a consideration of the circumstances, the President should feel that there has been duplicity. Meanwhile the event will have the good effect of stimulating other gentlemen similarly situated to put their personal relations upon a more stable ground, to destroy all compromising letters upon which they can lay hand, and, above all, to write none which may be hereafter wrested into weapons to beat them about the head.

## REPUBLICAN QUARRELS.

EVERY faithful Republican who thinks that the continued power of that party is essential to the national welfare has a right to demand harmony among the party chiefs. Quarrels at head-quarters will not make a peaceful camp. And that there are quarrels, serious and fierce, we all know. The President and Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ, for instance, are not friendly. The New York Senators are alienated from each other, and we recall, with profound regret, a passage between two of the most eminent Republican Senators upon the floor of the Senate on the 4th of July last. The mischief of these differences is incalculable. They may defeat the policy of the Administration, and they may very easily defeat the party in the Presidential election. Unquestionably the difficulty in the State of New York did defeat the party in November. It would not have been a very difficult, certainly not a hopeless task, to recover the State from the Democrats. But the first condition of success was absolute harmony, and that was utterly wanting. Troy defied the Greeks while Achilles and Agamemnon quarreled. Let the Republican chiefs reflect whether Republican victory will crown their feuds.

We do not discuss the reasons of the differences. The blame undoubtedly must be divided. Certainly the President, whatever may have been his mistakes of method or of policy during the last session—and they were very few—did not deserve the kind of censure which he received from certain Administration Senators. Nor can those Senators be justly surprised if he felt hurt, and showed that he was so. The difficulty in New York, as is universally known, springs from patronage. Under our miserable system it is impossible that the control of patronage should not be the measure of a Senator's real power and influence. If one of the State Senators is known to have more success in "placing" his followers, the other is inevitably chagrined, and he is discredited with his party as "of no account." Personal ill-feeling is very sure to follow. If, then, the Administration intervenes, and, as it were, declares for one against the other, disaffection and open hostility within the party are close at hand. The remedy is obvious. It is with the President. Seeing the situation, he may require of each Senator that the difference be composed upon his withdrawing from active interference, and holding an equal hand between them.

So with the Missouri case. Mr. BROWN, the Governor elect, intends, we presume, to act with the Democratic party. But Senator SCHURZ can not join the Democracy. We do not believe that the German element of the Republican party in Missouri is satisfied with the results of the quasi-Democratic alliance. It is naturally Republican, as Senator SCHURZ is. But the Missouri Senators also are unfriendly, and the Administration threw its influence in the State upon the side that was unsuccessful. There is, of course, a great deal of angry and doubtful feeling. We hope, therefore, that the Senate will refuse to allow the Missouri war to be renewed upon its floor; and that it will remember that Senator SCHURZ is amply able to define his own position, and can easily do so by acting quietly with his Republican friends, as he has shown his intention to do by attending the first Republican caucus.

The determination of the President that there shall be Republican peace, and his own refusal to recognize any differences of his own, with a little sagacity in healing those among the Senators, will give him a position and an influence which will be invaluable. Resolute sagacity in the adjustment of the quarrels, and a sense of personal responsibility for the party success upon the part of the Senators and Representatives, will make Republican harmony and triumph as overwhelming as they are desirable.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is stated by the London *Athenæum* that Mr. C. F. VARLEY, the well-known electrician, has devised a method by which four currents of electricity can be delivered simultaneously by a single wire, even in opposite directions.

According to Treasury statistics the year ending June 30, 1870, has been more favorable to the whaling interests than the preceding one, since, although the tonnage employed was somewhat less—namely, not quite 70,000 tons—the catch is reported as more satisfactory, and the general prospect for the future is believed to be very promising. Of the number of vessels employed by far the largest was from New Bedford, namely, 206. Next comes Barnstable, with 43; and New London, 22. Nantucket, once so busy a scene in this connection, can now only show six vessels, and Edgarton but eight.

According to Professor RAYMOND's late report on the statistics of mines and mining in the Western United States, for the year 1869, the total bullion product for the year amounted to $63,500,000, this showing a falling off as compared with the product of 1868 by no means as great as was expected. The yield from quartz mining is decidedly larger than that of previous years, and Professor RAYMOND considers the prospects of mining industries generally to be far more promising than they were a year ago. This view is strengthened by the fact that wages and other items of hitherto unreasonable expense have been materially reduced, thus relieving mining enterprises of a burden which they have in general been unable to carry, and which is greater than that imposed upon other branches of industry in the country.

Much activity is at present manifested in Peru in the way of connecting her coast with the countries east of the Andes by railroads. One of these, extending from the coast to Arequipa, across the Andes to Puno, and thence to Lake Titicaca, is progressing satisfactorily. Forty miles have been finished between Arequipa and the coast, and are constantly worked by trains. It is expected that within six months the ancient city of Arequipa, founded by PIZARRO, in the valley of the Andes, will be in close communication with the coast. As this region is rich in silver and copper mines, and produces cotton, wool, sugar, and nitre, it is anticipated that an immense trade will be open as soon as the road is finished to that point.

The year 1870 bids fair to be marked in the history of North American paleontology, in consequence of the numerous collections made by various expeditions, particularly those of Professor HAYDEN and Professor MARSH, of Yale, both of whom, at the head of large parties, have been engaged during the past summer in exploring various portions of the West. Dr. LEIDY has already characterized a large number of fossils gathered by Dr. HAYDEN, Mr. CLARENCE KING, and Mr. CONDON, among them species of lophiodon, oreodon, rhinoceros, etc. Among the reptiles are a new crocodile of large size and a number of turtles.

It is now announced authoritatively that the odium attaching to the British government of refusing to render any assistance to observations of the eclipse of December is undeserved, and that the blame, if any there be, applies rather to negligence of a former committee having the matter in charge. As soon as the subject was actually brought, even informally, to the notice of the government every assistance was promised, and arrangements are now being made to carry the whole matter into effect. A ship is to be furnished to transport the observers to Spain, and funds supplied to take others overland to Naples, with a vessel to convey them to Messina. The various European governments have been requested to aid the different parties, and the British government in other ways has brought all its influence to bear toward the success of the expedition.

Professor NORVENSKJOLD, the leader of the last Swedish expedition to Spitzbergen, has visited Greenland, during the past summer, for the purpose of engaging dogs to be used in his polar explorations of next year. From letters recently received from him we learn that he has succeeded in penetrating into the interior of Greenland, over the inland ice, about thirty or forty nautical miles. He started on his journey on the 19th of July from Auleitsivik Fiord, an inlet in about 68° north latitude. This makes an addition to the number of more recent expeditions for exploring the interior of Greenland; the others, as is well known, being those of Dr. HAYES, KIELSEN, Drs. RINK and BROWN, Mr. E. WHYMPER, and Mr. A. TYNER.

The last number of the *American Journal of Science* records the discovery of a large part of the skeleton of a mastodon near Illipolis, Illinois. One of the tusks proved to be nearly ten feet in length, and twenty-nine inches in circumference three feet from the lower end. All the bones were in a fair state of preservation, and of a dark, spongy, and porous appearance. It is probable that the specimens will be added to the collections of fossils now being gathered together by Professor WORTHEN for the State cabinet.

According to the official report from the Treasury Department, it is stated that during the year ending June 30, 1870, 2292 vessels, having an aggregate of 91,460 tons, were engaged in the mackerel fishery. The same report for the year ending June 30, 1869, showed a total of 714 vessels, of about 62,700 tons, exhibiting a very gratifying increase in the magnitude of this branch of marine industry.

It is stated that the United States of Colombia during the past year exported about three and a half millions of pounds of cinchona bark, valued at over four hundred thousand dollars.

Professor PHILLIPS, of the Museum at Oxford, is very desirous of learning the relationship between the length and weight of crocodiles and alligators of all sizes, and requests the friends of science to make as many experiments on this subject as possible, and to transmit the result to the University Museum at Oxford. Mr. BUCKLAND recommends that if the living animal be experimented upon it be first placed in a bag. We commend the inquiry to such of our readers as may visit Florida this winter, in hopes that the many opportunities of answering the question there will be utilized. Information sent to the *American Naturalist Magazine*, at Salem, Massachusetts, or to the *American Journal of Science*, at New Haven, Connecticut, will no doubt be at once published, and thus made accessible to Professor PHILLIPS.

The *American Journal of Science*, which has for so many years been the recognized exponent of scientific activity in the United States, and which, beginning in 1818, was published as a quarterly for the fourth of a century, and then for another period of the same length as a bi-monthly, will be issued in the beginning of the coming year as a monthly. It will consequently come more frequently before the public, and thereby reflect more faithfully the progress of science than it could do under its former plan. The *Journal* will continue to be edited by Professors SILLIMAN and DANA, with the co-operation of eminent men of science in New England, and will, we trust, be welcomed in its new form by that material increase of the subscription-list which it so well deserves.

Panama papers inform us that the heaviest rain experienced at Aspinwall for many years occurred on the 3d of November, four inches and sixty-three hundredths of water having fallen in the middle of the day in the space of a little over three hours.

At the late meeting of the British Association a committee, consisting of Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir CHARLES LYELL, Mr. FINDLAY, and Admiral HAY, was appointed for the purpose of bringing to the notice of the Commissioners of the Admiralty the importance of revising the survey of the west coast of South America, with a view to ascertaining what changes have taken place in the levels since the recent earthquakes on that coast. Mr. CLEMENTS MARKHAM was appointed secretary of the committee.

Great interest has been felt in regard to the results to be expected from the deep-sea dredgings of the present year by the steamer *Porcupine*, those of last year being so entirely unexpected and remarkable. We learn from our foreign exchanges that the methods of last year have been carefully followed during the present, and that soundings, dredgings, and analyses of sea-water have been made at different depths down to fifteen hundred fathoms. A large part of the Mediterranean basin has been explored, with satisfactory results, and pains have been taken to make out and define, as far as possible, the phenomena of the current which, on the surface, sets through the Strait of Gibraltar to the eastward.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

*December* 5.—Commencement of the third session of the Forty-first Congress. Nearly all the Senators were in their places. After the usual formalities of the opening session several bills and resolutions were introduced, and laid on the table until the standing committees should be organized. Among these was a bill offered by Senator Sumner "to terminate the fabrication of United States notes and fractional currency, to strengthen the reserves of the national banks, and to promote the return to specie payments." The President's Message was read.—In the House, 173 answered to the roll-call. Delegations were called from every State but Georgia. There was no business of importance.

*December* 6.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to authorize the election of a delegate from the Indian Territory, and one looking to the repeal of the income tax.—In the House, three bills were introduced for the repeal of the income tax. Several bills were introduced looking to the revival of navigation and the commercial interests of the country. One of these provides for the removal of all duties from materials used in building vessels for the foreign trade, and two others provide, under certain restrictions, for the registry in United States ports of foreign-built vessels.

*December* 7.—In the Senate, a bill was submitted giving to the American and East India Telegraph Company the sole right, for twenty-one years, to lay a telegraph from the Pacific coast to Asia, the work to be begun within one year and completed within three years, and the Navy Department to assist in making surveys and laying the cable.—In the House, a bill was introduced to provide for the gradual resumption of specie payments. A resolution was adopted inquiring into the seizure of the fishing schooner *Granada* by the Canadian authorities, and one was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs making inquiries regarding the intention of any European power to establish a port at Samana. Any such intention was declared to be unfriendly to the United States, and in contravention of the Monroe policy.

*December* 8.—In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to prevent assessments upon government employés for political or other purposes. Any official allowing such assessment, or employé paying it, is made liable to dismissal and a fine not exceeding $1000. It also prohibits the giving of presents or gratuities to government officials for any thing done in connection with their official duties.—In the House, a bill was passed to abolish the franking privilege.

*December* 9.—The House was not in session.—In the Senate, a bill was introduced to discontinue the ranks of Admiral and Vice-Admiral in the navy after vacancies occur in the same, and to reduce the number of Rear-Admirals to three, and of Commodores to six, by omission to fill vacancies hereafter occurring.

### GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

On the 8th inst. the Roman Catholics of Buffalo made a public demonstration of sympathy with the Pope. An address was adopted expressing homage and obedience to the Holy See, sympathy in the "affliction and outrage" to which the Pope and the Church are subjected, condemnation of the Italian occupation of Rome, a protest against the violation of the right of Catholics to be governed by a chief exempt from and independent of all civil power, a promise to still recognize Pius IX. as the lawful King of Rome, and a pledge of co-operation in any movement of the Catholic world to maintain the integrity of his sovereignty.

General Hiram Walbridge died in this city on the 6th inst. He was forty-nine years of age.

The claim against the Spanish government for the seizure of the steamer *Lloyd Aspinwall* was paid by Minister Roberts.

The Navajoe Indians have begun a war upon the Apaches.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE WAR IN FRANCE.

GENERAL DUCROT issued an order to his army at Vincennes on the 4th inst., in which he says that after two days of glorious battles they had recrossed the Marne, finding their efforts fruitless, to await a more favorable opportunity to break through the Prussian investment.

Orleans was reoccupied by the Prussians on the 4th inst., after defeating the army of the Loire. The French lost 10,000 prisoners, 77 cannon, and four gun-boats on the river.

The provisional government have abandoned Tours and gone to Bordeaux, in apprehension of a German raid.

The Prussians are about to invest Havre, and French iron-clads have been ordered to that port to protect the city.

The Prussian government has informed the Grand Duke of Luxembourg that, as he has allowed a violation of the neutrality of the Grand Duchy by the French, Prussia will no longer respect the neutrality of Luxembourg, nor be bound by the treaty of 1867.

Two English houses, it is said, have contracted to supply Paris with food after the capitulation.

The French officers and war prisoners in Germany are reported as strongly against the restoration of the Bonapartes.

### GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

A note from Count Bismarck was received by the President of the North German Parliament on the 8th inst., stating that King William had accepted the title of Emperor of Germany.

The Duke of Aosta, on receiving the crown of Spain from the Spanish deputation in Florence, congratulated them on the reconciliation of order with liberty in Spain, and promised to maintain the constitutional traditions of his family, expressing the belief that his conduct will convince all parties of his honesty of purpose.

The ex-Queen of Spain has formally protested against the election of the Duke of Aosta, but she says she will not appeal to force.

The general tenor of the Russian dispatches to Vienna, Florence, Tours, and Constantinople is that the granting of the Russian demand is essential to the peace of Europe.

In acknowledging the receipt of a petition from Ireland for British intervention in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, Mr. Gladstone says the government has not interfered in any changes in Rome since the election of Pius IX., but it feels bound to make and has made provision for protecting the Pontiff. In the mean time, he adds, Italy explicitly engages to protect the Pope's freedom and maintain his dignity.

# Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

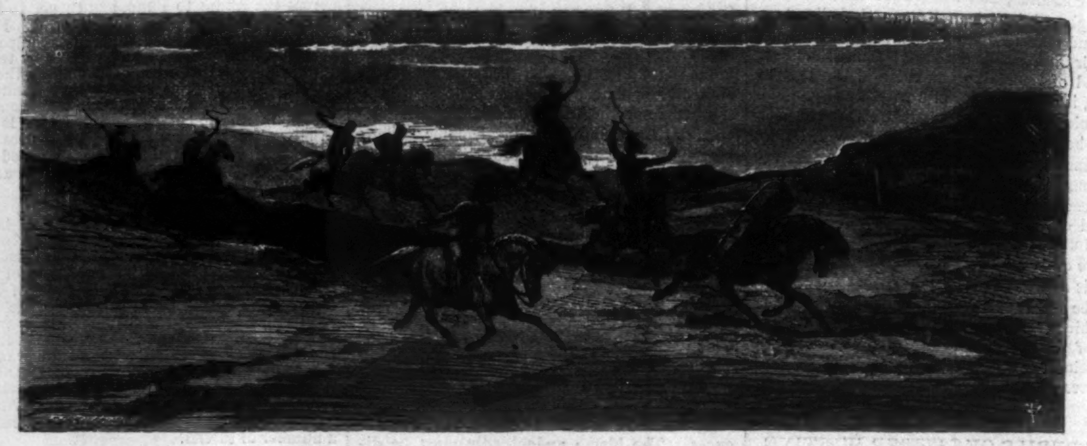
## A JOURNEY THROUGH ICELAND.

### CHAPTER VIII.

A Singular Encounter.—An Unruly Hearse.—Sagacious Dog.—New Style of Cabin Architecture.—The Stream of Lava and the Church.—The Mounds of Hialtadal.—Conclusion of the Journey.

THE halts alluded to in the preceding chapter became so numerous that M. Nougaret was obliged at last to put a peremptory stop to them, even at the risk of wounding the feelings of the country people who desired to pay him attention. He says he counted one day, before he gave up making these calls, and found that the number of cups of coffee that he had to drink was twenty-seven.

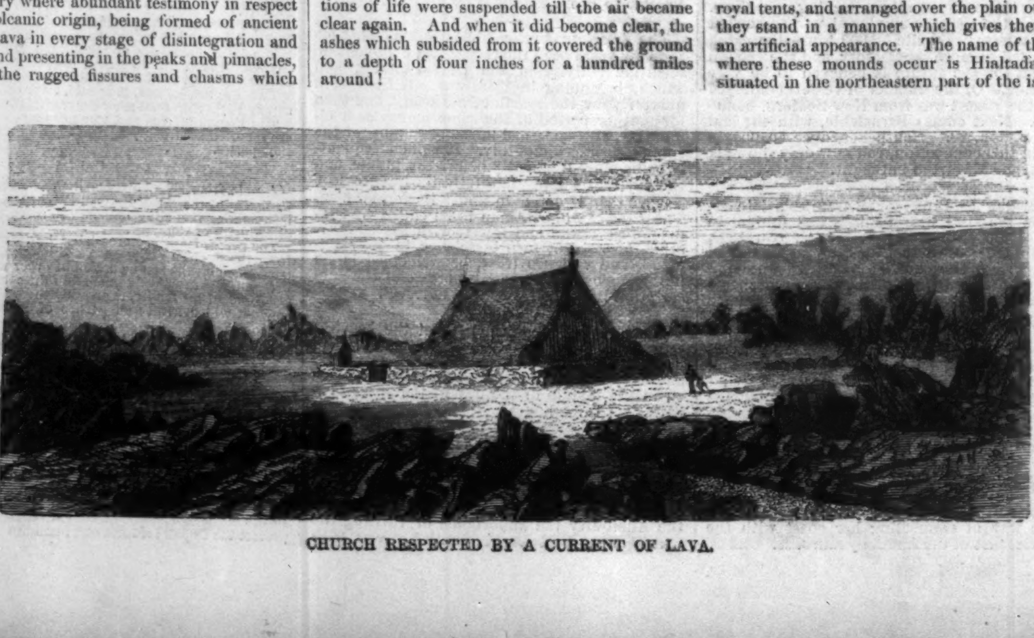
He relates one very singular encounter which he met with on his journey. It was a funeral procession, if procession it might be called, though it consisted of a cavalcade conveying a corpse through the country to a church, for interment in the burying-ground adjoining it. The rude coffin had been lashed upon the back of a horse, and as, of course, with such a load upon his back there would be no room for a rider, the horse could only be sent forward free, and followed up by those behind. It seems that, in consequence of some excitement or other, the horse had escaped from control, and, when M. Nougaret met the party, was running away, the whole troop following him with shouts and outcries, intended to bring him to a halt. The coffin had become loosened from its fastenings, and was in great danger of slipping down the horse's side, and perhaps of falling off entirely. Very soon after M. Nougaret came up with this party the horse was stopped, the coffin readjusted, and the funeral cavalcade went on.


AN UNRULY HEARSE.

On one occasion night was coming on—that is to say, the part of the twenty-four hours which in these latitudes passes for night—and it began to rain. There was no house in sight, and the way was becoming difficult and dangerous. The guide had a dog named Soulou. This dog, seeming to perceive the embarrassment of his master, and understanding the cause of it, began at once to look out for a lodging for the night, according to his ideas of the proper mode of proceeding. He ran to and fro, first on one side of the path and then on the other, barking violently, and then listening for a response. At length the response came, in the form of the distant barking of other dogs. The tired and jaded horses seemed to be inspired with new strength and courage by the sound. They pricked up their ears, quickened their steps, and the whole party, guided by Soulou, were led forward to a habitation where they all found refreshment and rest.

While in this cabin M. Nougaret observed something peculiar in the smoked and darkened rafters overhead; and found, on examination, that the frame of the building consisted of the skeleton of a whale, which had been stranded on the beach, and which the fishermen had contrived to remove to a suitable position and convert into the frame of a cabin, using the ribs for rafters. Among the furniture in the interior of this cabin there were, in lieu of chairs, several stools, each formed of the skull of a horse, supported by legs formed of the leg bones of the same animal. The flat part of the skull, representing the face, was uppermost, and formed the seat. Our author states that this style of stools is very common in the Icelandic cabins.

The country, wherever our author traversed it, whether in the interior or along the coast, gave every where abundant testimony in respect to its volcanic origin, being formed of ancient beds of lava in every stage of disintegration and decay, and presenting in the peaks and pinnacles, and in the ragged fissures and chasms which characterized the rock, marks of the columnar structure which is so often observed in rocks of volcanic origin. In one part of the country there was a church in the midst of a level plain, which was surrounded by a range of these ragged piles. The legend in respect to it is that it was built before the eruption of the lava took place from which these rocks were formed, and that the stream, when in its flow it approached the spot, made a grand detour, out of respect to the sacredness of the place, and thus left the church and the area around it unharmed.

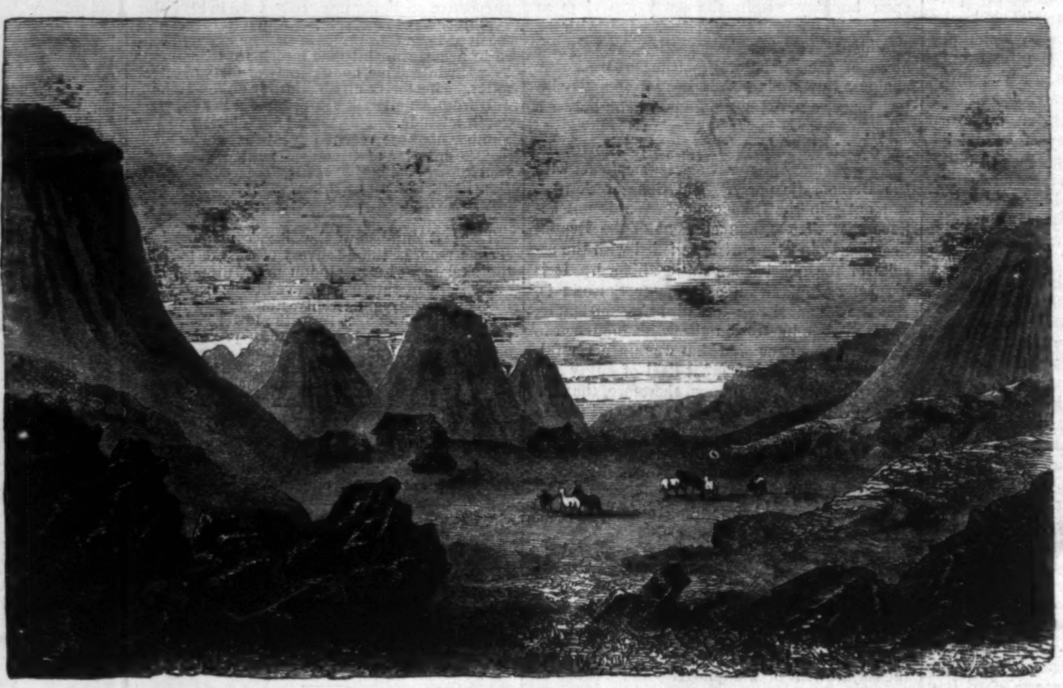

CHURCH RESPECTED BY A CURRENT OF LAVA.

The magnitude and violence of the eruptions of Mount Hecla, in former years, have been such that the imagination in vain attempts to comprehend the extent and grandeur of the effects which have resulted from them. One of the latest great eruptions took place about one hundred years ago, namely, in 1766. Warning was given of its approach by subterranean rumblings and thunderings in the vicinity of the mountain, and by the pouring out from the crater of an immense volume of black smoke and ashes, which was soon followed by the continued ejection of a shower of masses of pumice-stone and scoria, which filled the air completely over the mountain for a long time, and fell at a great distance upon all the surrounding country. Indeed, so dense was the cloud of smoke and ashes that hung over the whole region that the sky was completely darkened, and the ordinary avocations of life were suspended till the air became clear again. And when it did become clear, the ashes which subsided from it covered the ground to a depth of four inches for a hundred miles around!

Thus far the eruption had consisted principally of ashes and scoriæ; but soon afterward the lava began to appear. Immense volumes of it were poured out, and began to flow in vast molten streams to great distances over the country. The ice and snow upon and around the summit were melted too, and poured down such floods of mud and water over the surrounding country as to produce in many places the most disastrous inundations. The mountain itself was, moreover, so heated during the operation that it required thirty years for it to become cool, so that snow could lodge and ice form on its flanks again. It did not, indeed, appear to return to its former condition until about 1810; and then in 1845 a new eruption took place, though it was not so violent as the one which preceded it.

The remains of ancient beds of lava are scattered all over the island, and are seen now in various states of disintegration and decay. The length of the time which lava requires to advance to such a state of change as is witnessed in many cases here is so great as to indicate that the volcanic action of which this island is the scene has been going on for an immensely long period.

The sharp and ragged forms, with a tendency to vertical crevices and fissures, so often assumed by rocks of volcanic origin in a certain stage of disintegration, do not, it seems, always prevail; for in a certain part of Iceland is seen a very remarkable formation of mounds, shaped like royal tents, and arranged over the plain on which they stand in a manner which gives them quite an artificial appearance. The name of the place where these mounds occur is Hialtadal; it is situated in the northeastern part of the island.


MOUNDS OF HIALTADAL.

Such a region as this must form, it would seem, but a dreary and desolate home for the residence of man; and the general aspect of the habitations and their surroundings, as they presented themselves to the view of our traveler in the course of his journey, appeared to him very little attractive. There was, however, one exception. While enjoying the hospitality of the minister at one of the little hamlets that he visited, he was much impressed with the picturesqueness of the situation of the church and of the minister's residence, and with the beauty of the night. The supper, and the Latin conversation which accompanied and followed it, occupied so much time, and the excitement produced in the family by such an arrival was so great, that it was past midnight before they were ready to retire to their beds. The sun, after dipping a little way below the horizon, was beginning to appear again. M. Nougaret and the minister were in the open air, before the house, smoking their pipes. The children were quiet, the cows were lying upon the grass resting contentedly, the sky was clear and beautiful, and the air was soft and bland. The whole scene was one of romantic calmness and repose.

"What a pleasant evening," said M. Nougaret, "and what a charming scene! How happy your life must be here!"

The minister took his pipe from his mouth, and asked the traveler,

"Should *you* be happy to live here?"

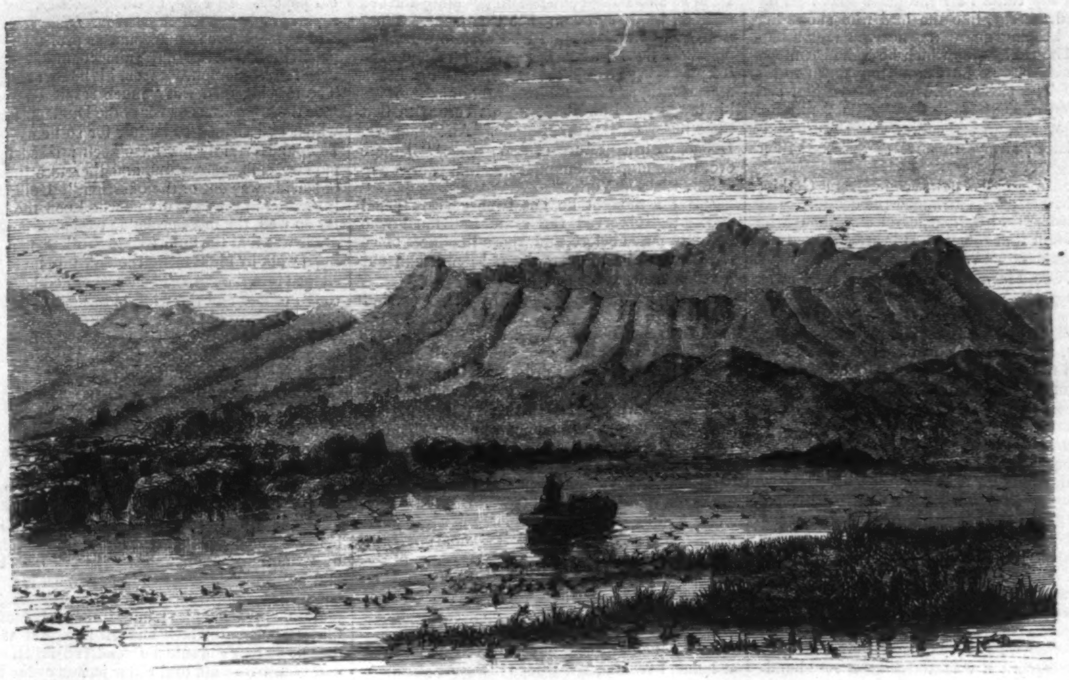
M. Nougaret admitted that he found this question somewhat embarrassing.

But dreary and desolate as such a region must be as a home for human families, all the littoral portions of it swarm with animal life. The shores both of the interior and the exterior waters abound with birds of many species, which flock there in countless millions to rear their young on the neighboring rocks, gathering their sustenance, in the mean while, for themselves and their families, from the waters of the marshes, rivers, and lakes. The waters of the sea, along all the shores of the island, are equally prolific; and they are the resort of a large fleet of French fishermen in the summer season, as well as of those of other European nationalities, who fish for cod, and dry their "takes" on bundles of sticks set up on the land. An engraving on our next page represents the scene witnessed among the fishing vessels off the shore.

The French and the Danish governments send each a national vessel every season to visit these fishing fleets, and aid the fishermen to repair their damages, and also to afford them any other succor or protection that they may need. These ships coast around the island, enter the bays, communicate with the principal towns, and sometimes penetrate into interior harbors, where, while lying at anchor, they are often surrounded by scenery of the most imposing grandeur. The Dyrafiord is one of these harbors, situated in the northeastern part of the island. M. Nougaret was attached to the French ship *Pandora*, in a medical capacity, at the time that he made his excursions to the Geysers and to Hecla.

The people of the country look up, of course, with great respect to the ships, and to the official visitors which they bring every summer to the island, and often apply to the latter for relief in very singular emergencies. One instance of this kind, quite illustrative of the ideas and modes of life prevailing on these lonely shores, occurred to M. Nougaret, and we will repeat his account of it in closing this article.

One evening, when he was ashore from his ship, and had been spending an hour or two in making music for the peasants to dance to on the green, by means of a kind of tin flute which one of the mechanics on board the ship had manufactured for the purpose under his directions, a young woman with a child in her arms came up to him and handed him a letter to read. The letter was written in the Icelandic tongue, and he could make nothing of it, except that it seemed to relate to a man named Le Blanc.



ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE ON SHORE.

There was nobody in the company with whom he could communicate, except by signs, and he was accordingly quite perplexed to know what the letter meant, and what the poor woman wanted.

In the midst of his perplexity it so happened that a minister came to the place, and M. Nougaret, being able to communicate with him in Latin, gave him the letter, and asked what it meant. The minister read it, and made some inquiries of the woman, and then reported the case to M. Nougaret, saying that some time previously, at the close of a season, a French sailor by the name of Le Blanc had been wrecked on the coast, and had found refuge in the family of the father of this young woman. That, before long, he proposed marriage to the young woman, and, with her father's consent, they were married. The sailor spent the winter with them, but in the spring he went to Reykjavik, the capital, ostensibly to seek some employment, and since then they had heard nothing from him. They supposed that he had gone to France; and as the woman had heard that M. Nougaret came from France, she came to him to inquire whether he had seen her husband there, and if he could tell her what had become of him.

When M. Nougaret, through the interpreter, said that he had not seen the man, she seemed surprised, and asked the minister whether M. Nougaret did not come from France. If he came from France he must have seen her husband, she thought, if he was there. Her ideas of the extent and population of France were evidently not as enlarged as the facts would warrant.

She looked very disconsolate and sad when she found that she could not learn any tidings of her husband from the stranger. She talked a moment with the minister, and then the minister, addressing M. Nongaret, said that her case was truly a hard one, since the man went away without getting divorced, as he should have done, so as to set his wife at liberty. "If he had taken the necessary steps for a divorce," said the minister, "before he went away, then the woman would be all right, as she could at any time marry another man; whereas, as it was, she was condemned to hopeless isolation."

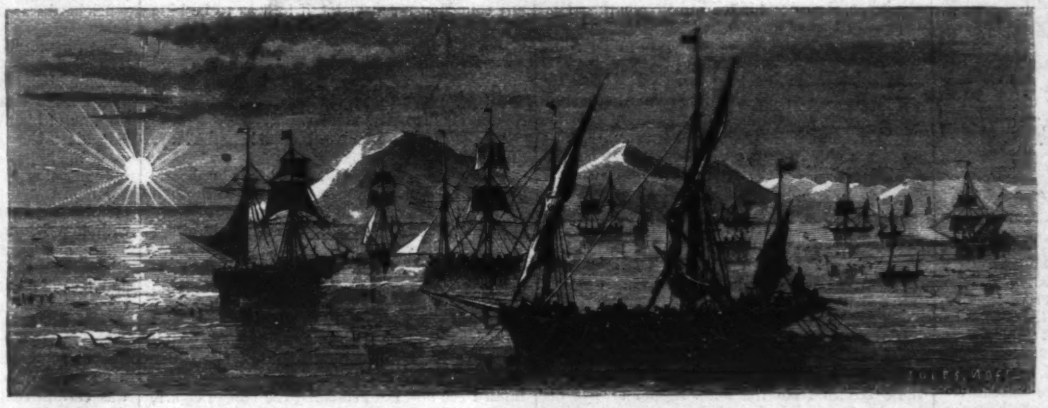
After a moment's reflection an idea occurred to M. Nougaret's mind which he thought might perhaps furnish a solution of the difficulty.

"Ask the woman how she was married, and whether the French consul at Reykjavik had any thing to do with the affair," said he to the minister.

The woman, on being interrogated, answered this question in the negative. She was married, she said, simply according to the customs of the country people of Iceland.

"Then," said M. Nougaret, "she is free. The marriage was not legal. Le Blanc was a French subject, and under the jurisdiction of French laws; and they require, in such cases, certain acts and documents from the nearest French consul to make the marriage valid." Thus the requisite formalities to render the union legal not having been observed, the woman is free, and can marry any other man as soon as she pleases."

The minister reflected a moment, as if somewhat uncertain how this view of the question was to be received; but finally said that M. Nougaret was right, and that the woman was legally free. He explained the case to her. Her face at once brightened up, and she went away overjoyed at finding herself so suddenly released from an embarrassment which a few moments before had seemed hopeless and irremediable. M. Nougaret thought that within a week she was married again.



ABUNDANCE OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE SEA.

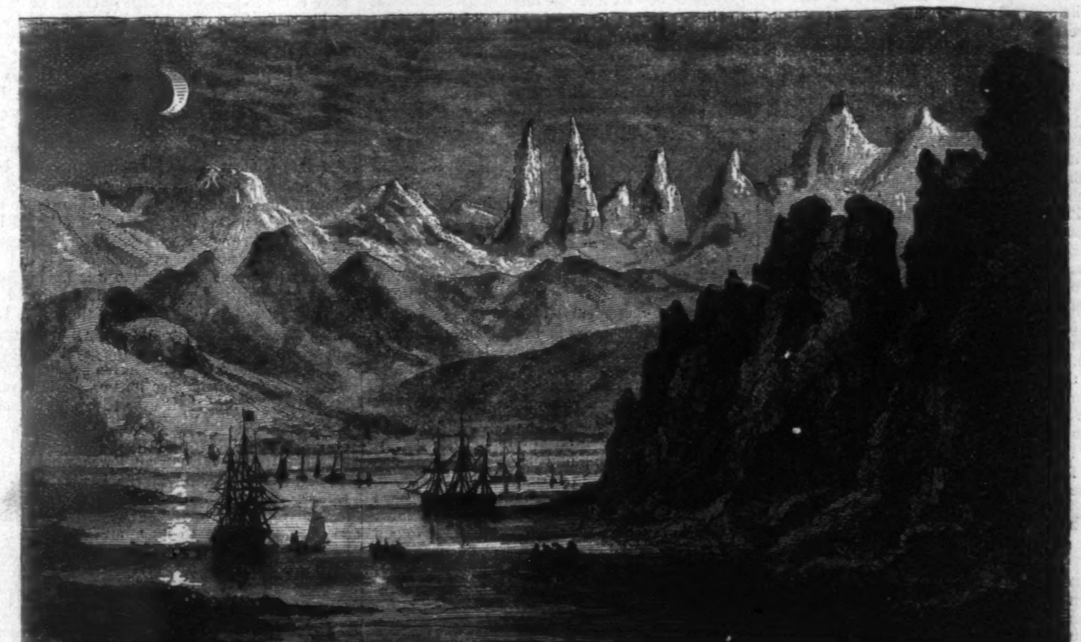
## THE MISTLETOE.

Every one knows this parasite, which grows both on deciduous and ever-green trees and shrubs, forming a pendent ever-green bush from the trunks and branches; and some of our fair readers may have *accidentally* stood under it at Christmas, receiving a reward for their pains. We may venture to remind them that, according to the received rule of medieval times, except a maiden was kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas, she could not be married during the ensuing year. When once established on a tree, the mistletoe will grow as long as there is any life in the tree; but when the branch on which it is rooted decays, the death of the mistletoe immediately follows. Two or three inches of the shoot is produced only in a season, and the leaves vary considerably in different plants. The missel-thrush feeds on the berries, and so does the blackbird; and bird-lime is made from the bruised berries. The effect of the mistletoe is injurious to the branch upon which it grows, for the sap is absorbed by the growth of the parasite. In orchards it is for this reason speedily removed. The lichens, on the contrary, do not hurt trees, as they do not feed upon their substance.

The mistletoe has always been associated with Druidical worship; and we can not, therefore, do better than give an outline of that superstition. The simplest and earliest form of their religion seems to have been the worship of the sun, moon, and fire. The sun they adored under the name of Tutanes, the same as the Roman Saturn and the Phœnician Baal or Bel. Another remarkable principle was the worship of the serpent; and it has been conjectured that the great Druidical temples, such as Stonehenge and Avebury, were constructed for the united worship of the serpent and the sun. Afterward, however, the number of deities was considerably increased, among whom the chief were Hesus, the god of war, Jow or Jupiter, Taranis, the ruler of thunder, Belin or Apollo, and Oghum or Mercury. The garments of the Druids were remarkably long and flowing; and when employed in religious ceremonies they wore a kind of white surplice. They generally carried a white wand, and had an ornament, called a Druid's Egg, suspended from their neck. Their inspirations and prophecies were delivered orally, as it was contrary to their religion to commit any thing to writing. The Druids had a sovereign pontiff or pope, whom all the Druids obeyed, without any exception. They called December "the sacred month," and all the Druids met at Rouvres at the time fixed by the sovereign pontiff. The priests came forth from their forests and traversed the various districts, inviting the faithful to follow them with the cry of Kal (first day of the year), or that of *Kalonna* (gifts), to prepare themselves worthily for the holy ceremony of the Gui (mistletoe) of the new year. The fête opened with a search for the famous mistletoe upon an oak that had about thirty years' growth; and the mistletoe so found was to become, by its consecration, the *Panchrestum*, i.e., "the universal remedy"—the panacea against all sorts of poisons.

When the plant had been found, a *triangular altar* of earth was raised at the foot of the tree on which it had been discovered, and then commenced a species of procession. The Eubogi marched first, conducting two white bulls which had never been subjected to the yoke. These were followed by the bards, who sang hymns in honor of the Supreme Being. Next came the novices, students, and disciples, accompanied by a herald clothed in white. These were followed by the three most ancient pontiffs, one carrying bread that was to be offered up, the second two vessels filled with water and wine, and the third a hand of ivory attached to the end of a wand, to represent justice and power. Next came the priests, preceded by the supreme pontiff in a white robe, wearing a girdle of gold; and the procession closed with great numbers of the nobles and people. When they arrived at the oak the officiant burned a morsel of bread, poured some wine and water on the altar, and divided what remained among the assistant priests. He then ascended the tree, cut the mistletoe with a golden knife, and threw it into the robe of one of the principal pontiffs. The supreme pontiff then sacrificed the bulls, and prayed that "God would permit His benediction to rest upon the gift he was about to distribute among the people," then prostrated on the ground. It was then divided and distributed. They considered that sickness, enchantments, and malevolent spirits were expelled by it.

The Persian Magi used the mistletoe in their religious ceremonies, and the Greeks and Romans for its medicinal properties. It was, perhaps, the golden branch referred to by Virgil in his description of the descent to the lower regions. Pliny says that the Gauls held the plant in the greatest veneration. Stukeley thinks that the Druids cut the mistletoe with their upright brass hatchets, called celts, and laid it on their altars; and he adds that in his time a branch was cut on Christmas-eve, and laid upon the altar of York Minster. Apuleius has preserved some verses of the poet Lælius, in which he mentions the mistletoe as one of the things necessary to make a man a magician. Even now the peasants of Holstein call it the "spectre's wand," from a belief that holding a branch of it will enable a man to see ghosts, and force them to speak to him. The mistletoe is supposed to have been the forbidden tree in the garden of Eden: hence, some have concluded, arose the custom of kissing under it at Christmas. This is not likely, the custom having been as old as the Druids. Three thousand years ago, the youth of the ancient British tribes danced under the oaks, and whenever they saw the sacred emblem hanging overhead, exchanged vows of troth and *oscula dulcia*. The Saxons dedicated the mistletoe to their Venus, Friga.



NATIONAL VESSELS IN THE DYRAFIORD.

## ANXIOUS TIMES.

"TRÉPORT, a sea-port town of France, Department of Seine Inférieure. Population, 3698." So says the guide-book; but things have altered since these words were written, and a census taken now would, we fear, show a marked decrease in the population, and a marked preponderance of women over men. The young men have gone to the war; they are gathering in Count KÉRATRY's camp, or marching with General PALADINES, or roving the country, with sashes round their waists and cocks' feathers in their hats, taking shots at Uhlans from behind hedges, or surprising outlying German detachments.

In these little out-of-the-way places the times are indeed anxious, not with the anxiety which prompts us to buy "extras," but one of a more personal nature. The war makes itself felt terribly in the absence of so many friends, and news comes so seldom to break the monotony of waiting. The quiet place is quieter than ever; there is a certain dull routine of work to be gone through, for even in anxiety dinners must be provided and cooked, floors swept and rooms kept tidy, and one day must be much like another, until a precious parcel of newspapers finds its way to the little town, and they hear something of the outside world—of victories or defeats, of heavy losses—and the lists are eagerly scanned to see if the names of husbands, brothers, and lovers are there. A battle has been won and the country has been saved—many such battles have been fought and won in the papers—and the good women rejoice, and a patriotic glow goes through them as some gossip reads out the news, as depicted in the pathetic sketch on our first page. But then comes the thought that battles are won with the blood of men, and the fishing-boat on the beach may have lost its master, and Marie's marriage may be put off forever, and the joy is mingled with sadness. In another month they may hear that the battle never came off, and they breathe again most unpatriotically, although that master of the fishing-boat may be tilling German land, and Marie's betrothed be lying in hospital with a bullet through his leg. If the women of France could decide the question, would the war go on? These good women are no doubt sturdy patriots in the abstract, but we fancy they would willingly vote for their good men's return, and would be glad to see their fishing-boats sailing once more from land, although Alsace and Lorraine should pay for it.

# BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

### THE SMOKING-ROOM OF THE GEORGE AND VULTURE.

ROBERT BALFOUR did not remain at Turlock, as he had originally intended. Perhaps the vicinity to Wheal Danes was not so attractive to him as he had promised himself that it would be, although not for a single instant did his purpose of revenge relax. Other considerations, had he needed them, were powerful, now that he had taken the first step, to keep him on that terrible path which he had so long marked out for himself. To disclose the position of his victim now would have been not only to make void his future plans, but to place his own fate at Solomon's mercy. Yet he found his heart less hard than the petrifaction it had undergone, the constant droppings of wrong and hardship for twenty years, should have rendered it. He did not wake until late, and the first sound that broke upon his ear was the tinkling of the bell of the little church, for it was Sunday morning. He compared it for a moment with something that he had been dreaming of: a man in a well chipping footsteps for himself in the brick wall, up which he climbed a few feet, and then fell down again. Then a pitiful, unceasing cry of "Help, help!—help, help!" rang in his ears, instead of the voice that called people to prayers. Even when that ceased, the wind and rain—for the weather was wild and wet—beating against the window-pane, brought with them doleful shrieks. Sometimes a sudden gust seemed to bear upon it confused voices and the tramp of hurrying feet; and then he would knit his brow and clench his hand, with the apprehension that they had found his enemy, and were bringing him to the door. Not the slightest fear of the consequences to himself in such a case agitated his mind; he had quite resolved what to do, and that no prison walls should ever hem him in again; but the bare idea that Solomon should escape his vengeance drove him to the brink of frenzy. He would have left the place at once, but that he thought the coincidence of his departure with the disappearance of his foe might possibly awaken suspicion; so he staid on through the day, waiting for the news which he knew must arrive sooner or later. At noon he thought the landlady wore an unusually grave air, and he felt impelled to ask her what was the matter. But then, if there was nothing—if she only looked sour, as folks often did, just because it was Sunday—she might think him too curious.

From his window, a little later, he saw a knot of people in the rain talking eagerly together, and one of them pointing with his hand toward Gethin. But they were too far off to be overheard, and he did not dare go down and interrogate them. It was his object to appear utterly indifferent to local affairs, and as a total stranger. He felt half stifled within doors, and yet, if he should go out, he knew that he would be incontrollably impelled to take the cliff path that he had followed the preceding night, to watch that nobody came near the place that held his prey, and thereby, like the bird who shows her nest by keeping guard too near, attract attention. The tidings for which he waited came at six o'clock, just as he was sitting down to his dinner. The parlor-maid who served him had that happy and excited look which the possession of news, whether it be good or bad, but especially the latter, always imparts to persons of her class.

"There's strange news come from Gethin, Sir," said she, as she arranged the dishes.

"Indeed," said Balfour, carelessly, though he felt his brain spin round and his heart stop at the same moment. "What is it?"

"Mr. Coe, Sir, a very rich man—he as owns all Dunloppel—has disappeared."

"How's that?"

"Well, Sir, he went to his room last night, they say, at his usual hour, but never slept in his bed, and the front-door was found unlocked in the morning, so that he must have gone away of himself. That would not be so odd, for he is a secret sort of man, as is always coming and going; but he has taken nothing with him; only the clothes he stood in."

"Well, I dare say he has come back again by this time, my good girl. What's this? Is there no fish?"

"No, Sir; the weather was too bad yesterday for catching them, and all last night there was a dreadful sea: that's what they fear about Mr. Coe—that he has fell into the sea. His footsteps have been tracked to the cliff edge, and there they stop."

"Poor fellow! Has he any relatives?"

"Oh yes, Sir; a wife and son—a very handsome, nice young gentleman."

"Then his widow will be rich, I suppose?"

"Oh, pray, don't call her a widow yet, Sir; let us hope her husband may be found. It's a dreadful thing to be drowned like that on a Sunday morning; and for one who knows the cliff path so well as he did, too. He was a hard man, and no favorite, but one forgets that now, of course."

"You have also forgotten the Harvey Sauce, my good girl; oblige me by bringing it, will you?" said Mr. Balfour, beginning to whistle something which did not sound like a psalm tune. "You must excuse my hard-heartedness, but I had not the pleasure of knowing this gentleman."

An hour afterward the solitary guest had left the inn, and was on his road to Plymouth. His departure caused little surprise, for the weather was such as to induce no visitor to prolong his stay.

Whether from his long enforced abstinence from society, or from the unwelcome nature of his thoughts, Robert Balfour was always disinclined to be alone. His expeditions with Charley in search of pleasure had been, though he did not find pleasure, more agreeable to him than the being left to his own resources; and now this was more the case than ever. He preferred even such company as that which the smoking-room of an hotel afforded to none at all. The voices of his fellow-creatures could not shape themselves, as every inarticulate sound did to his straining ear, into groans and feeble cries for aid. Not twenty-four hours had elapsed since his prisoner was placed in hold, so that such sounds of weakness and agony must have been in every sense chimerical; and yet he heard them. What, then, if these echoes from the tomb should always be heard? A terrible idea indeed, but one which bred no repentance. It was not likely that remorse should seize him in the very place where his hated foe had clutched and consigned him to *his* living grave.

The hotel at which he now put up was the same at which he had then lodged; this public room was the same in which he had smoked his last cigar upon his fatal visit to the Miners' Bank. He had had only one companion then, but now it was full of people. By their talk it was evident that they were townsfolk, and all known to one another; in fact, it was a tradesmen's club, which met at the *George and Vulture* on Sunday nights through the winter months. In spite of his willingness to be won from his thoughts, he could not fix his attention on the small local gossip that was going on about him. Men came in and out without his observing them; and indeed it was not easy to take note of faces through the cloud of smoke that filled the room; he was fast relapsing into his own reflections, wondering what Solomon was doing in the dark, and if he slept much, when an event occurred which roused him as thoroughly as the prick of a lance or a sudden douche of cold water.

"Let us have no misunderstanding and no obligation—that is my motto."

The speaker was a thin, gray man, whose entrance into the apartment Balfour had not perceived, and who was seated in an elevated chair, which had apparently been reserved for him as president of the assembly. The face was unfamiliar, for twenty years had made an old man of the astute and lively detective; but his phrase, and the manner of delivering it, identified him at once as his old friend Mr. Dodge.

"It was in this very room," continued the latter, "that I sat and talked with him as sociable as could be, not a quarter of an hour before I put the darbies on him; and it's a thing that has been upon my mind ever since. I was only doing my duty, of course, but still it seemed hard to take advantage of such a frank young fellow. As for stealing them notes, it's my belief he had no more intention of doing it than I had."

"And yet he got it hot at the 'sizes, Mr. Dodge, didn't he?" inquired one of the company.

"Got it hot, Sir?" replied Mr. Dodge, with dignity; "he got an infamous and most unjustly severe sentence, if you mean that, Sir. Of course what he did was contrary to law, but it's my opinion as the law was strained agin him. There was some as swore hard and fast to get him punished as knew he deserved no such treatment. Why, the girl as he loved, and whose picture I found upon him myself when I searched him, and gave it him back, too—ay, that I did—even she took a false oath, as Weasel himself told me, who was his lawyer, and had built up his case with that same hussy for its corner-stone. Ah!" said Mr. Dodge, with a gesture of abhorrence, "if there ever was a murdered man, it was that poor young fellow, Richard Yorke."

"But I thought he got twenty years' penal servitude," observed the same individual who had interposed before, and whose thankless office it seemed to be to draw the old gentleman out for the benefit of society.

"I say he was murdered, Sir. He was shut up for nigh twenty years, and then shot in the back in trying to get away from Lingmoor. It was the hardest case I ever knew in all my professional experience. Lord, if you had seen him—the handsomest, brightest, gayest young chap! And he was what some folks call well-born, too; he was the son—that is, though, in a left-handed sort of way, it's true—of mad Carew of Crompton, about whose death the papers were so full a month ago or so; and that, in my judgment, was the secret of all his misfortune: it was the Carew blood as did it. To take his own way in the world; to seek nobody's advice, nor use it if 'twas given; to be spoiled and petted by all the women and half the men as came nigh him; to own no master nor authority; to act without thought, and to scorn consequences—well, all that was bred in the bone with him."

"Then he had never any one to look after him at home, I reckon, Mr. Dodge?"

"Well, yes; he had a mother; and though she was a queer one too, she loved him dearly. She was the cleverest woman, Weasel used to say, as ever he had to do with; and a perfect lady too, mind you. She worked to get the poor lad off like a slave; and when all was over, instead of breaking down, as most would, she swallowed her pride, and went down on her bended knees to that old miserly devil, Trevethick, the prosecutor, and to his son-in-law, Coe, likewise: they lived down Cross Key way—where was it?—at Gethin—and begged and prayed him to join in petitioning in her son's favor. She got down there the very day after his lying daughter was married to Solomon Coe, he as has got Dunloppel, and is a big man now. But he'll never be any thing but a scurvy lot, if he was to be king o' Cornwall. I shall never forget the way he insulted that poor young fellow when he was took up. Damme, I would have given a ten-pound note to have had *him* charged with something, and I'd ha' seen that the handcuffs weren't none too big for his wrists neither."

"And this Trevethick refused to help the lady, did he?"

"Why, of course he did. He broke her heart, poor soul. I saw her when she passed through Plymouth afterward, and she looked twenty years older than before that trial. Even then she didn't give the matter up, but laid it before the crown. But poor Yorke had offended government—helped some fool or another through one of them public examinations; he had wits enough for any thing, had that young fellow. But, there—I can't a-bear to talk about him; and yet somehow I can't help doing on it when I get into this room. He sat just where that gentleman sits yonder. I think I see him now, smoking the best of cigars, one of which he offered to me—for he was free as free; but I was necessitated to restore it, for I couldn't take a gift from one as I was just a-going to nab. 'Thank you kindly,' says I, 'but let us have no misunderstanding and no obligation.' Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

No more was said about the case of Richard Yorke; but it was evidently a standing topic with the chairman of the *George and Vulture* club. A yearning to behold and embrace that mother who had done and suffered so much for his sake, took possession of Richard's soul. His heart had been steeled against her when he found harbored under her roof the objects of his rage and loathing; but he felt now that that must have come to pass with some intention of benefit to himself. The very truth, indeed, flashed upon him that she entertained some plan of frustrating his revenge against them, with the idea of protecting him from the consequences that were likely to ensue from it; and he forgave her, while he hated his foes the more. He would carry out his design to the uttermost, but very cautiously, and with a prudence that he would certainly not have used had his own safety been alone concerned; and then, when he had avenged himself and her, he would disclose himself to her. The statement he had just heard affected him deeply, but in opposite ways. The justification of himself in no way moved him—he did not need that; it was also far too late for his heart to be touched by the expression of the old detective's good-will, though the time had been when he would have thanked him for its utterance with honest tears; but the revelation of his mother's toil and suffering in his behalf reawakened all his dormant love for her, while it made his purpose firmer than ever to be the Nemesis of her enemies and his own.

As he went to bed that night the clock struck twelve. It was just four-and-twenty hours since he had left his victim in the bowels of Wheal Danes. If a free pardon could have been offered to him for the crime, and the mine been filled with gold for him to its mouth, he would not have stretched out his hand to save him.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### STILL HUMAN.

MR. BALFOUR atoned for his previous indifference to the wares of the news-boy by sending him next morning to the station for all the local papers. In each, as he expected, there was a paragraph headed *Mysterious Disappearance*, and as lengthened an account as professional ingenuity could devise of the unaccountable departure of Mr. Solomon Coe from his house at Gethin. The missing man was "much respected;" and, "as the prosperous owner of the Dunloppel mine, which had yielded so largely for so many years, he could certainly not have been pressed by pecuniary embarrassments, and therefore the idea of suicide was out of the question." Unlikely as it seemed in the case of one who knew the country so well, the most probable explanation of the affair was that the unfortunate gentleman, in taking a walk by night along the cliff top, must have slipped into the sea. The weather had been very rough of late and the wind blowing from off the land, which would have accounted—if this supposition was correct—for the body not having been washed ashore. "In the mean time an active search was going on."

Balfour had resolved not to return to London for at least ten days. Mrs. Coe and her son would, without doubt, be telegraphed for, and he could not repair to their house in their absence. The idea of being under the same roof alone with his mother was now repugnant to him. He felt that he could not trust himself in such a position. It had been hard and grievous, notwithstanding his resentment against her, to see her in company with others, and her absence of late from table had been a great relief to him. With his present feeling toward her it would be impossible to maintain his incognito; and, if that was lost, his future plans—to which he well knew she would oppose herself—would be rendered futile. He had seen with rage and bitter jealousy that both Harry and her boy, and especially the latter, were dear to her; and it was certain she would interfere to protect them, for their sake as well as for his own. He had other reasons also for not returning immediately to town. It might hereafter be expedient to show that he *had* really been to Midlandshire, where he had given out he had designed to go; and, moreover, though his purpose was relentless as respected Solomon, he did not perhaps care to be in a house where hourly suggestions would be dropped as to the whereabouts of his victim, or the fate that had happened to him. Harry and her son might even not have gone to Gethin, and in that case their apprehensions and surmises would have been insupportable.

Richard was more human than he would fain believe himself to be. Though he had gone to bed so inexorable of purpose, it had been somewhat shaken through the long hours of a night in which he had slept but little, and waked to think on what his feverish dreams had dwelt upon—the fate of his unhappy foe, perishing slowly beside his useless treasure. More than once, indeed, the impulse had been strong upon him that very morning to send word anonymously where Solomon was to be found to the police at Plymouth. Remorse had not as yet become chronic with him, but it seized him by fits and starts. There had been a time when he had looked (through his prison bars) on all men with rage and hatred; but now he caught himself, as it were, at attempts at self-justification with respect to the retribution he had exacted even from his enemy. Had he not been rendered miserable, he argued, supremely wretched, for more than half his lifetime, through this man's agency? for it was certain that Solomon had sworn falsely, in the spirit if not in the letter, and caused him to be convicted of a crime which his rival was well aware he had not in intention committed. His conduct toward him on the occasion of his arrest had also been most brutal and insulting; while, after conviction had been obtained, this wretch's malice, as Mr. Dodge had stated, had known no cessation. In the arms of his young bride he had been deaf to the piteous cry of a mother beseeching for her only son.

But, on the other hand, had not he (Richard) deeply wronged this man in the first instance? Had he not robbed him—for so much at least must Solomon have known—of the love of his promised wife? If happiness from such an ill-assorted union was not to have been anticipated, still, had he not rendered it impossible? If their positions had been reversed, would not he have exacted expiation from such an offender to the uttermost? He would doubtless have scorned to twist the law as Solomon had done, and make it, as it were, the crooked instrument of his revenge. He would not, of course, have evoked its aid at all. But was that to be placed to his credit? He had put himself above the law throughout his life; he had never acknowledged any authority save that of his own selfish will; nay, he owned to himself that his bitterness against his unhappy victim had been caused not so much by the wrong he had suffered at his hands as by the contempt which he (Richard) had entertained for him. Without materials such as his father had possessed to back his pretensions he had imagined himself a sort of irresponsible and sovereign being. (Such infatuation is by no means rare, nor confined to despots and brigands, and when it exists in a poor man it is always fatal to himself.) His education, if it could be called such, had doubtless fostered this delusion; but Mr. Dodge was right; the Carew blood had been as poison in his veins, and had destroyed him.

All this might be true; but such philosophy could scarcely now obtain a hearing, while his enemy was dying of starvation in his living tomb. It was in vain for him to repeat mechanically that he had also suffered a sort of lingering death for twenty years. The present picture of his rival's torments presented itself in colors so lively and terrible that it blotted out the reminiscence of his own. The recollection of his wrongs was no longer sufficient for his vindication. He therefore strove to behold his victim in another light than as his private foe—as the murderer of his friend Balfour, the history of whose end may here be told.

On the night that Richard escaped from Lingmoor, it was Balfour, of course, who assisted him, and who was awaiting him in person at the foot of the prison wall. The old man's arms had received him as he slipped down the rope; and the object at which the sentry had fired had been two men, though in the misty night they had seemed but one. Balfour had been mortally wounded, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, laden with the burden of his dying friend, Richard had contrived to reach Bergen Wood. As his own footsteps were alone to be traced along the moor, the idea of another having accompanied his flight—though they knew there was complicity—had not occurred to the authorities. Balfour had hardly reached that wretched asylum when he expired, pressing Richard's hand, and bidding him remember Earl Street, Spitalfields. "What you find there is all yours, lad," was his dying testament and last words of farewell. And over his dead body Richard swore anew his vow of vengeance against the man that had thus, though indirectly, deprived him of his only friend. He had watched by the dead body, on its bed of rotten leaves, through that night and the whole of the next day; then, changing clothes with it, he had fled under cover of the ensuing darkness, and got away eventually to town.

He had found the house in Earl Street a wretched hovel, tenanted by a few abjects, whom the money found on Balfour—which he had received on leaving prison—was amply sufficient to buy out. Once alone in this tenement, he had easily possessed himself of the spoil so long secreted, and, furnished with it, he had hastened down to Crompton—the news of Carew's death having reached London on the very day that he found himself in a position to profit by it. The very plan which he had suggested to Balfour, whose name he also assumed, he himself put into execution. He made a private offer for the disused mine, which was gladly accepted by those who had the disposal of the property, acting under the advice of Parson Whymper. Trevethick, the only man that had attached any importance to the possession of it, was dead; and it was not likely that any one at the sale should bid one-half of the sum which this stranger was prepared to give for the mere gratification of his whim. The mine itself, indeed, had scarcely been mentioned in the transaction; it merely formed a portion in the lot comprising the few barren acres on which this capricious purchaser had expressed his fancy to build a home. "Disposed of by private contract" was the marginal note written in the auctioneer's catalogue which dashed Solomon's long-cherished hopes to the ground.

Richard staid on in the neighborhood to attend the sale. It attracted an immense concourse; and no less than a guinea a head was the price of admission to those who explored the splendid halls of Crompton, discussing the character of its late owner, and retailing wild stories of his eccentricities. Poor Parson Whymper, who had not a shilling left to him—for Carew had died intestate, though, thanks to him, not absolutely a beggar—was perhaps the only person present who felt a touch of regret. He had asked for his patron's signet-ring, as a keepsake, and this request had been refused on the part of the creditors; he wandered among the gay and jeering crowd like a ghost, little thinking that the one man who looked at him with a glance of pity was he whom he had once regarded as the heir of Crompton. It was the general opinion now that the unhappy chaplain had been Carew's evil genius, and had "led him on." Even Richard bestowed but that single glance upon him; he was looking in vain for the face that had so terrible an interest for himself. He had not heard that Trevethick was dead, but he knew it was so the instant that his eyes fell upon Solomon Coe, and all his hate was at once transferred to his younger enemy. The business upon which this man had come was as clear to him as though it had been written on his forehead. The first gleam of pleasure which had visited his dark soul for twenty years was the sight of Solomon's countenance when, on the sixth day's sale, the auctioneer gave out that lot 970 had been withdrawn. Solomon might have received the intimation long before but for the cautious prudence which had prevented him from making any inquiries upon the subject. For a minute or two he stood stunned and silent, then hurriedly made his way to the rostrum. Richard, who was sitting at the long table with the catalogue before him, kept his eyes fixed upon its pages while the auctioneer pointed him out as the purchaser of the lot in question. He knew the inquiry that was being asked, and its reply; he knew whose burly form it was that thrust itself the next minute in between him and his neighbor; every drop of blood in his body, every hair on his head, seemed to be cognizant that the man he hated most on earth was seated cheek by jowl with him—that the first step in the road of retribution had been taken voluntarily by his victim himself. The rest is soon told. Solomon at once commenced his clumsy efforts at conciliation; and his endeavors to recommend himself to the stranger's friendship were suffered quickly to bear fruit. He invited him to his house in London, which, to Richard's astonishment and indignation, he found to be his mother's home; and, in short, fell of his own accord into the very snare which the other, had he had the fixing of it, would himself have laid for him.

And now, as we have said, when all had gone exactly as Richard would have had it go, and Solomon was being punished to the uttermost, the executor of his doom was beginning to feel, if not compunction, at all events remorse. No adequate retribution had indeed overtaken Harry. To have made her a widow was, in fact, to have freed her from the yoke of a harsh and unloved master; but the fact was, notwithstanding the perjury of which he believed her to have been guilty, he had never hated her as he had hated the other authors of his wrongs. She had once on the rock-bound coast at Gethin preserved his life; she had accorded to his passion all that woman can grant, and had reciprocated it; not even in his fiercest hour of despair had he harbored the thought of raising his hand against her; he had hated her, indeed, as his betrayer, and as Solomon's wife, but never regarded her with that burning detestation which he felt toward her husband. There was another motive also, though he did not even admit it to himself, which, now that his chief foe was expiating his offense, had no inconsiderable weight in the scale of mercy as regarded the others.

His endeavors to win Charley's favor had had a reflex action. In spite of himself, a certain good-will had grown up in him toward this boy, whom his mission it was to ruin. If there had been less of his mother in the lad's appearance, or any thing of his father in his character, his heart might have been steeled against his youth and innocence of transgression. As a mere son of Solomon Coe's he would have beheld in him the whelp of a wolf, and treated him accordingly; but between the wolf and his offspring there was evidently as little of affection as there was of likeness. The very weaknesses of Charley's character—his love of pleasure, his credulity, his wayward impulsiveness, of all which Balfour had made use for his own purposes—were foreign to the nature of the elder Coe; while the lad's high spirit, demonstrativeness, and geniality were all his own. If he had one to guide as well as love him—a woman with sound heart and brain, such as this Agnes Aird was represented to be, what a happy future might be before this youth! Without such a wise counselor, how easy it would be, and how likely, for him to drift on the tide of self-will and self-indulgence to the devil! The decision rested in Richard's own hands, he knew. Should he blast this young life in the bud, in revenge for acts for which he was in no way accountable, and which were already being so bitterly expiated? The apprehension that Solomon might even yet be found alive perhaps alone prevented Richard from resolving finally to molest Harry and her son no further. If his victim should have been rescued, his enmity would have doubtless blazed forth afresh against them as inextinguishable as ever, but in the mean time it smouldered, and was dying out for want of fuel. If he had no penitence with respect to the terrible retribution he had already wrought, the idea of it disturbed him. If he had no scruples, he had pangs: when all was over—in a day or two, for even so strong a man as Solomon could scarcely hold out longer—he would doubtless cease to be troubled with them; when he was once dead Richard did not fear his ghost; but the thought of this perishing wretch at present haunted him. He was still not far from Gethin, and its neighborhood was likely to encourage such unpleasant feelings. He had only executed a righteous judgment, since there was no law to right him; but even a judge would avoid the vicinity of a gallows on which hangs a man on whom he had passed sentence.

He would go into Midlandshire—where he was now supposed to be—until the affair had blown over. That watching and waiting for the Thing to be discovered would, he foresaw, be disagreeable, nervous work. And when it happened, how full the newspapers would be of it! How Solomon got to the place where he would be found would be as much a matter of marvel as the object of his going there. If the copper lode—the existence of which Richard did not doubt—were discovered, as it most likely would be when the mine became the haunt of the curious and the morbid, it was only too probable that public attention would be drawn to the owner. The identification of Robert Balfour with the visitor who had visited Turlock might then be established, whence would rise suspicion, and perhaps discovery. Richard had no terrors upon his own account, but he was solicitous to spare his mother this new shame. He had been hitherto guiltless in her eyes, or, when blameworthy, the victim of circumstances; but could her love for him survive the knowledge that he was a murderer? But why encourage these morbid apprehensions? Was it not just as likely that the Thing would never be discovered at all? Once set upon a wrong scent, as folks already were, since the papers had suggested the man was drowned, why should they ever hit upon the right one? Wheal Danes had not been explored for half a century. Why should not Solomon's bones lie there till the judgment-day?

At this point in his reflections the door opened—he was taking his breakfast in a private sitting-room—and admitted, as he thought, the waiter. Richard stood in such profound thought that it was almost stupor, with his arms upon the mantel-piece, and his head resting on his hands. He did not change his posture; but when the door closed, and there was silence in place of the expected clatter of the breakfast things, he turned about, and beheld Harry standing before him—in deep black, and, as it seemed to him, in widow's weeds!

## CHAPTER XLV.

### FACE TO FACE.

If Solomon himself, half starved and imbecile with despair, had suddenly presented himself from his living tomb, Richard could not have been more astonished than at the appearance of his present visitor. He had left her but three days ago for Midlandshire. How was it possible she had tracked him hither? With what purpose she had done so he did not ask himself, for he had already read it in her haggard face and hopeless eyes.

"Have I come too late?" moaned she in a piteous, terror-stricken voice.

"For breakfast?—yes, madam," returned Richard, coldly; "but that can easily be remedied;" and he feigned to touch the bell. His heart was steel again; this woman's fear and care he felt were for his enemy, and for him alone. It was plain she had no longer fear of himself.

"Where is my husband?" she gasped out. "Is he still alive?"

"I am not your husband's keeper, madam."

"But you are his murderer!" She held out her arm, and pointed at him with a terrible significance. There was something clasped in her trembling fingers which he could not discern.

"You speak in riddles, madam; and it seems to me your humor is somewhat grim."

"I ask you once more, is my husband dead, and have I come too late?"

"I have not seen him for some days; I left him alive and well. What makes you think him otherwise, or that I have harmed him?"

"This"—she advanced toward him, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon his own—"this was found among your things after you left my house!"

It was a ticket-of-leave—the one that had been given to Balfour on his discharge from Lingmoor. It seemed impossible that Richard's colorless face could have become still whiter, but it did so.

"Yes, that is mine," said he. "It was an imprudence in me to leave such a token among curious people. You took an interest in my effects, it seems."

"It was poor Mrs. Basil who found it, and who gave it to me." Her voice was calm, and even cold; but the phrase "poor Mrs. Basil" alarmed him.

"The good lady is still unwell, then, is she?"

"She is dead."

"Dead!" Richard staggered to a chair, and pressed his hands to his forehead. The only creature in the world on whom his slender hopes were built had, then, departed from it! "When did she die?" inquired he in a hollow voice, "and how?"

"On the evening of the day you left, and, as I believe, of a disease which one like you will scarcely credit—of a broken heart."

Her manner and tone were hostile; but that moved not Richard one whit; the cold and measured tones in which she had alluded to his mother's death angered him, on the other hand, exceedingly. If his mother had died of a broken heart, it was this woman's falsehood that had broken it; and yet she could speak with calmness and unconcern of the loss which had left him utterly forlorn! He forgot all his late remorse; and in his eyes glittered malice and cruel rage.

"I do not fear you," cried she, in answer to this look; "for the wretched have no fear. The hen will do battle with the fox, the rabbit with the stoat, to save her young. If I can not save my husband, I will save my son. I have come down here to do it. You are known to me now for what you are—a jail-bird. If you dare to meet my Charley's honest face again, I will tell him who and what you are."

"Did Mrs. Basil tell you that, then?"

"Thus far she did," cried Harry, pointing to the ticket which Richard had taken from her hand. "Is not that enough? She warned me with her latest breath against you. 'Beware of him,' said she; 'and yet pursue him, if you would save your husband and your son. Where Solomon is, there will this man also be. Pursue, pursue!' I did but stay to close her eyes."

"And so she knew me, did she?"

"She knew enough, as I do. Of course she could not guess—who could?—your shameful past, the fruit of which is there!" and again she pointed to the ticket.

"*My* shameful past!" cried Richard, rising and drawing himself to his full height. "Who are you, that dare to say so? Do you, then, need one to rise from the dead to remind you of *your* past! Look at me, Harry Trevethick—look at *me!*"

"Richard!" It was but one word; but in the tone which she pronounced it a thousand memories seemed to mingle. An inexpressible awe pervaded her; she stood spell-bound, staring at his white hair and withered face.

"Yes, it *is* Richard," answered the other, mockingly, "though it is hard to think so. Twenty years of wretchedness have worked the change. It is you he has to thank for it, you perjured traitress!"

"No, no; as Heaven is my judge, Richard, I tell you No!" She threw herself on her knees before him; and as she did so her bonnet fell, and the rippling hair that he had once stroked so tenderly escaped from its bands; the color came into her cheeks, and the light into her eyes, with the passionate excitement of her appeal; and for the moment she looked almost as he had known her in the far-back spring-tide of her youth.

"Fair and false as ever!" cried Richard, bitterly.

"Listen, listen!" pleaded she; "then call me what you will."

He sat in silence while she poured forth all the story of the trial, and of the means by which her evidence had been obtained, listening at first with a cold, cynical smile, like one who is prepared for falsehood, and beyond its power; but presently he drooped his head and hid his features. She knew that she had persuaded him of her fidelity, but feared that behind those wrinkled hands there still lay a ruthless purpose. She had exculpated herself, but only (of necessity) by showing in blacker colors the malice of his enemies. She knew that he had sworn to destroy them root and branch; and there was one green bough which he had already done his worst to bend to evil ways. "Richard, Richard!" said she, softly.

He withdrew his chair with a movement which she mistook for one of loathing.

"He hates me for their sake," thought she, "although he knows me to be innocent. How much more must he hate those who made me seem so guilty!" But, in truth, his withdrawal from her touch had a very different explanation. He would have kissed her, and held out both his hands, but for the blood which he dreaded might be even now upon them. He saw that she loved him still, and had ever done so, even when she seemed his foe: all the old affection that he thought had been dead within him awoke to life, and yet he dared not give it voice.

"You have said my husband was alive and well, Richard?"

"I said I had left him so," answered he, hoarsely.

"Then you have spared him thus far; spare him still, even for my sake; and, for Heaven's sake, spare my son! Harden not your heart against one more dear to me by far than life itself. He has done you no wrong."

Richard shook his head; he yearned to clasp her to his breast; he could have cried, "I forgive them all," but he could not trust himself to speak, lest he should say, "I love you."

"You have seen my boy, Richard, many times. The friendship you have simulated for him must have made you know how warm-hearted and kind and unsuspicious his nature is. You have listened to his merry laugh, and felt the sunshine of his gayety. Oh! can you have the heart to harm him?"

Still he did not speak; he scarcely heard her words. The murdered man was standing between her and him; and he would always stand there, seen by him, though not by her. From the grave itself he had come forth to triumph over him to the end.

"Richard"—her voice had sunk to a tremulous whisper—"I must save my son, and save you from yourself, no matter what it costs me. You little know on the brink of what a crime you stand."

He laughed a bitter laugh; for was he not already steeped in crime? She thought him pitiless and malignant when he was only hopeless and self-condemned.

"Do you remember Gethin, Richard, and all that happened there? Can you not guess why I was made to marry—within—what was it?—a month, a week, a day—it seemed but the next hour—after I lost you? You have had twenty years of misery for my sake; but so have I for yours. Did my husband love me, think you? Did he love my child? He had good cause, if he had only known, to hate us both. Can you not guess it?"

He looked at her with eager hope—a trembling joy pervaded him. But hope and joy had been strangers to him so long that he could scarce recognize them for what they were.

"My Charley is yours also, Richard—your own son."

Richard burst into tears. There was somebody still to love him in the world—his own flesh and blood—somebody to live for! The thought intoxicated him with delight; a vision of happiness floated before him for an instant; then was swallowed up in darkness, as a single star by the gloom of night. His own flesh and blood; ay, perhaps inheriting the same nature as his father. It was only too likely, from what he had seen of the lad; and he had himself done his best to develop the evil in him, and to crush the good.

"Don't weep, dear Richard: kiss me."

He shrank from her proffered lips with a cold shudder. "Nay, I can not kiss you. Do not ask me why, Harry. Never ask me; but I never can."

She looked at him with wonder, for she saw that his wrath had vanished. His tone was tender, though woeful, and his touch as he put her aside was as gentle as a child's.

"As you please, Richard," said she, humbly, and with a deep blush. "I only wished for it as a token of your forgiveness. It is not necessary; those tears have told me we are reconciled. But you will kiss Charley."

"Nay; he must never know," answered Richard gloomily.

"I had forgotten," said Harry, simply. "You can guess by that the loyalty of my heart toward you, Richard. I forgot that to reveal it would be to tell my darling of his mother's shame. But you will be kind and good to him; you will undo what you have done of harm; you will lead him back to Agnes, and then he will be safe."

"Yes, yes," muttered Richard, mechanically; "I will undo so far as I can what I have done of harm. I will do my best, as I have done my worst."

He rose hastily, and rang the bell. Harry eyed him like some attached creature that sympathizes with but can not comprehend its master.

The waiter entered.

"I shall not go by the train," said Richard; "let a carriage and pair be brought round instantly, without a moment's delay."

The waiter hurried out to execute the order.

"But you will surely return home, Richard, after what has happened?" said Harry, thinking of his mother's funeral.

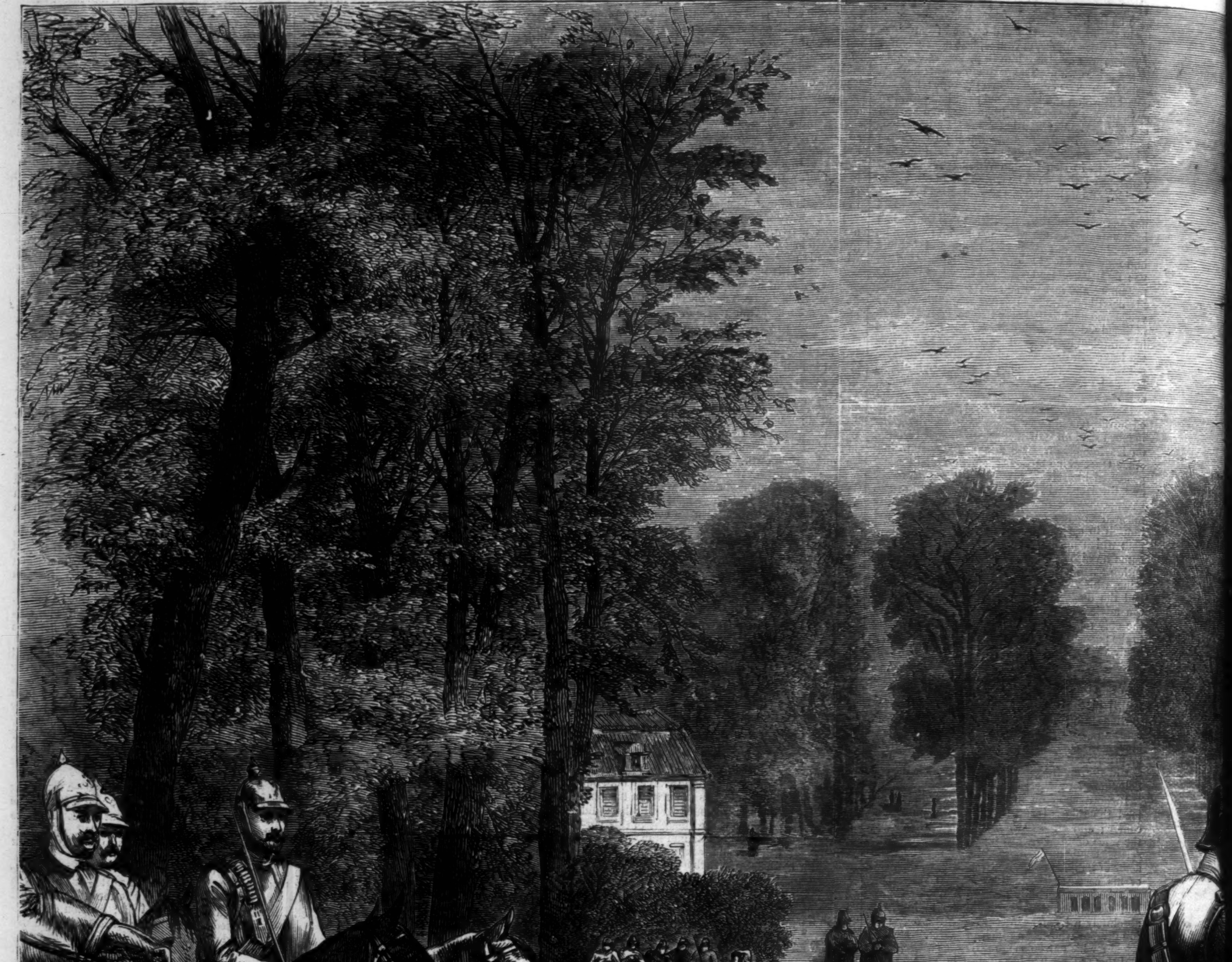
"The dead can wait," returned he, solemnly. "Go you back to town. In three days' time, if you do not hear from me, come down to Gethin with Charles and Agnes."

"But I dare not, unless my husband send for me."

"He *will* send for you," said Richard, solemnly; "or others will in his behalf."

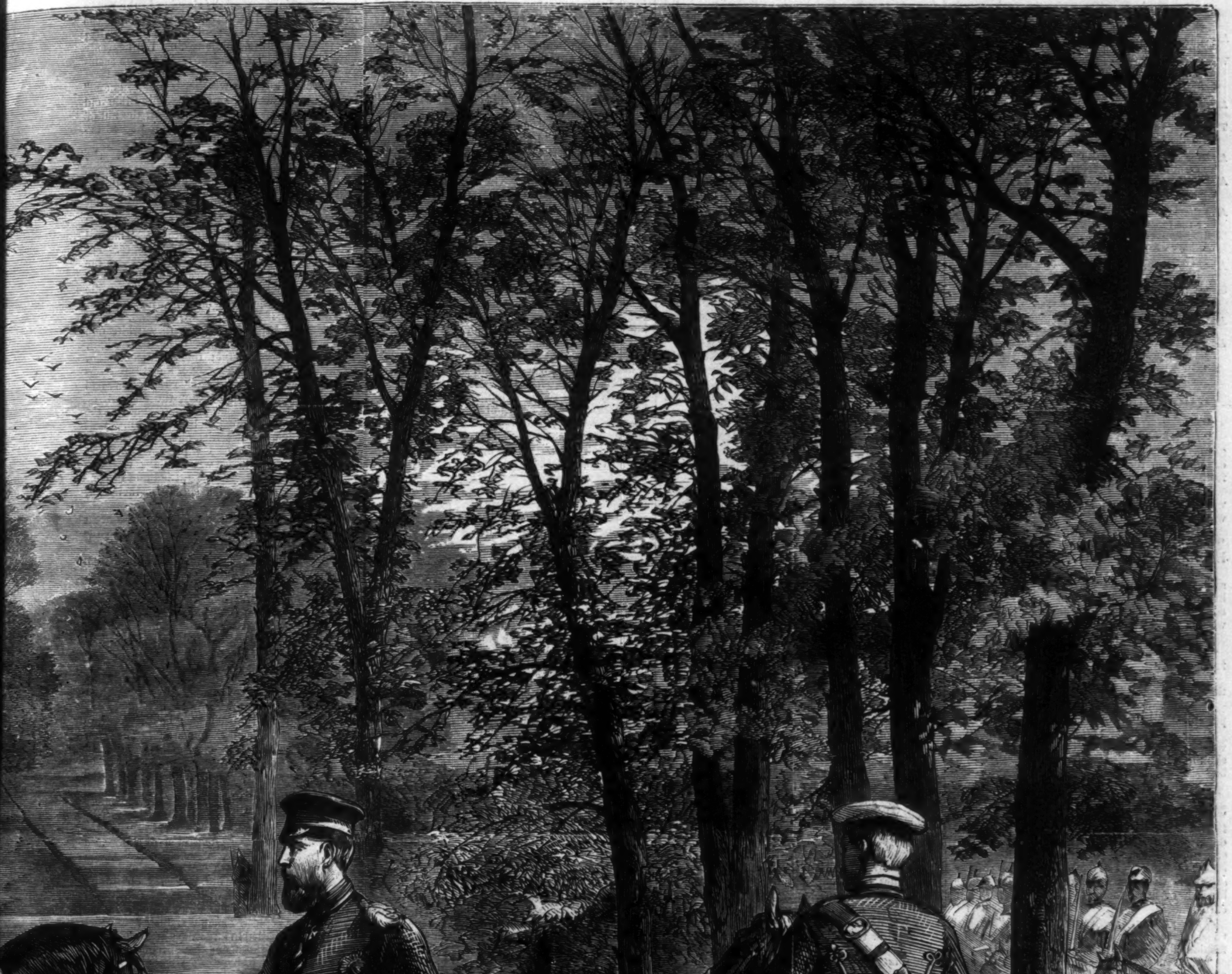
Without one word or sign of farewell he suddenly rushed by her, and was gone. A carriage stood at the front-door of the hotel, which had just returned from taking a bride and bridegroom to the railway station, and she saw him hurry into it.

"Fast, fast!" she heard him cry, through the open window; and then he was whirled away.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA CONFERRING THE

"The honored soldier placed his own hand in the Prince's, who shook it. Then he rode



CROSS" UPON A SOLDIER, IN THE PARK OF VERSAILLES.

the ranks, conscious that in his palm reposed the coveted decoration of the Iron Cross."

## A DEAD SHOT.

[See Illustration on Page 836.]

AWAY to the bracken and heather,
  Where the Norland larches swing,
Where the rowan hangs red, where the stream in its bed
  Runs with amber hues 'neath the ling.

Away where the hills rise unsullied
  By the smoke-soiled touch of town,
Through the purple haze of November days,
  With the lichen-gold for a crown.

And far from the moss and the moorland
  You can see the breakers white;
And the sea-gull's scream, like a voice in a dream,
  Comes clear when the noons are bright.

And there where we watch so keenly,
  Lo! the great dun stags appear;
'Tis the lordliest group, as they onward troop,
  We have seen since the opening year.

A shot, and dead on the bracken
  The king of the mountain lies,
Struck dead on the moss that he raced across,
  With a dumb reproach in his eyes.

And fair the autumnal gloaming,
  And sweet is the streamlet's song,
As we wend our way in the twilight gray,
  And bear proudly the spoil along.

## WHAT CAME OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

"I'VE found an old pack of cards! now, granny, tell my fortune." And Cicely Lee seated herself on the cushion at her grandmother's feet.

The pretty little old lady shuffled the cards with a practiced hand, looking ever and anon toward the door.

"If deacon should come in," she murmured; "deacon's dreadfully severe on cards, and—Hark!"

"Grandpa's gone out for a walk, darling," said Cicely, her sweet face earnest; "please hurry!" And she composed herself to listen, adding, with a little quavering laugh, "Tell me whom I shall marry."

"You'll marry John Saunders," was the reply.

Cicely shook her head; a shadow crossed her face.

"But I say you will, deary," repeated the little old lady in decided tones.

"No, granny, it's impossible now," half whispered the girl, "for John and I have quarreled."

"Lovers' quarrels, child; makes no difference whatever," responded the old lady, sharply, still shuffling the cards. "I tell you I feel it in my bones."

"Then don't you see it in the cards?"

"Don't I? Of course I do. There you stand, with a light girl between you—very light; she faces you, and he faces you. He's John Saunders, and you're going to marry him. Let me see—diamonds are months; there's eleven in all; less than a year. I told you so, deary. Massy sakes! is that the deacon?" And under the breadth of her generous linen apron went the cards.

"No, granny, it's the grocer's boy," replied Cicely, looking through the glass half of the old-fashioned door.

"Deacon's so set!"—and out came the cards again.

"I used to be a master-hand at tellin' fortins when I was a young woman and worldly. Folks said I'd make a mint o' money if I charged for it, as the fort'n-tellers do, and I 'ain't no doubt of it. Why, I told Sally Bowles that was—married a Henderson; dead now, my dear—when farmer Lee give a great huskin', that her beau 'd never come back from the fishing-ground, and no more he didn't. I told Kezzy Blackmer—she that's a Jones now—that she wouldn't keep her man over next Christmas; and, sure enough, day before Christmas I went to his funeral. Dear, dear, what a sweet corpse he made!"

"Oh!" cried Cicely, with a little shiver, "did you see all that in the cards?"

"Well, yes, I thought I did; but I kinder guess I felt it more in my bones. 'Twas awful weather, too, that year, at the fishing-ground; and poor Joe Blackmer had consumption; he never was good for much. Where'd you find them cards, child?"

"In the old blue sea-chest up stairs," Cicely replied, absently.

"'Twouldn't do for the deacon to see 'em," said the pretty little old lady; for, as Cicely often declared, she was like a picture, with her white curls, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. "He's awfully down on cards; but, somehow, they seem kinder natural to me," she continued, shuffling them again, "and I've had many a good game 'fore I married your gran'ther. He don't know one card from another, poor soul, and I s'pose it's best he don't. I haven't had a pack in my hands for thirty years or up'ard. You see, I used to go home once in a twel'month, and your aunt S'manthy, as good a woman as ever made pie-crust, she *would* have her little game o' cards, and so I always humored her; but, bless you, it wouldn't do to let the deacon known it. S'manthy's been dead thirty year this month; she was *beautiful* at whist. Here, child, put 'em out o' the way quick; I'm sure I hear the deacon now."

Cicely took the cards, and ran up into her own little room with them. Placing them securely away, she proceeded to tie her hair with a long pink ribbon, knotting it tastefully on the top of her head.

"He can't help loving me," she repeated to herself, with a saucy little nod, as she arranged her curls, gazing into a pair of sunny, smiling eyes; but while she looked a shadow dimmed their brightness; the pretty face grew sad as she murmured, in a half whisper, "Oh dear, if it wasn't for my dreadful tongue!"

She sat down to think over that last interview.

"I needn't have been so hateful," she murmured, her lips trembling a little as faithful memory reproduced the scene.

"I told him that I had *never* loved him; what an awful falsehood! This is the second quarrel, too. I know how it will be—he won't give in, and I'd die first. What! ask John Saunders's pardon? Never!"

So, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, Cicely sat and stitched in the sunshine, her pretty face as resolute as if no handsome John Saunders had ever called forth its dimpling smiles, or teased it into the momentary kindling of anger. Nobody noticed how quiet she was, as, after her sewing was done, she went about the usual preparations for the evening meal, except Rob, a rough boy of twelve, who watched her furtively whenever he glanced up from the battered copy of "Robinson Crusoe" which he was reading.

"Say, Cicy, I saw Let Davis coming home from school," at last he said, and went on reading with all his might.

Now Lettie Davis was the light girl in the cards standing between Cicely and her lover. Poor Cicely had of late been a little jealous of her.

"Did you?" was her tardy response, as his sister laid the knives carefully.

"Yes, I did; what do you think she asked me?"

"What?" Cicely was betrayed into asking, with an eager look.

Rob chuckled, after the manner of wicked brothers.

"Nothing, only if you was going to singing-school. I told her that would depend upon whether John Saunders went."

"Oh, Rob!" said Cicely, sharply, her face changing to pain.

"Now you needn't look at me that way, 'cause I never said a word about John; so don't cry 'fore you're hurt. But you bet Let Davis is the prettiest girl in *this* town."

"Don't say 'you bet,'" said Cicely, irritation in her voice; "it sounds vulgar."

"No't don't, not if a boy says it; 'tain't half so bad as 'by gum!' and lots o' boys say that at our school. Don't *you* think, now, that Let *is* a beauty?"

"I don't know," Cicely responded, pulling the white cloth into place with nervous little twitches; "I suppose she's handsome; folks seem to think so."

"Pho! you girls never 'll say who you think's handsome. All the fellows are awful sweet on Let Davis; she can have any body she wants."

"Can she?" queried Cicely, in a voice devoid of all expression.

"Yes, she can; any girl with yellow curls and rosy cheeks and blue eyes and red lips—"

"Did you get that out of 'Robinson Crusoe?'" asked his mother, who had entered a moment before too silently for him to hear, and Rob subsided, with a burning face, into silence.

Cicely knew in her heart that pretty Let Davis was in love with her own "bonnie laddie," as the old grandmother often called John; she knew it by a hundred signs, and she thought sometimes that John himself suspected it. In fact, Let was unconsciously at the bottom of all their trouble; for it was while talking of her that they had quarreled.

And now tea was over, the dishes all washed, the lamps lighted; and as yet Cicely had not made up her mind whether she would go to singing-school or not. To be sure she had dressed for it, and looked forward to it; but long ago the clock had struck seven, and John had not come. Should she go? There was nothing to detain her but the lack of John's company; and her cheek burned when she thought how the girls would talk. So she suddenly resolved to go, put on her pretty little hat with the crimson feather, that John had always admired, and tripped down stairs.

"Come, Rob, I want you to see me to singing-school," she said.

The boy looked up from his book.

"Where's John?"

"I don't know—and I don't care," she managed to add in a careless voice; but the words almost choked her.

"I don't b'long to singin'-school," said Rob, unwilling to leave his story.

"Never mind, you can go with me to-night; and, besides, you'll see Lettie Davis; she's the beauty of the village, you know."

"Who cares for Let Davis?" cried Rob, bluntly, stumbling on the consciousness that she was connected with the non-appearance of John. "She ain't half as handsome as you are, and I've heard ever so many say so; and I guess she's deceitful. Her brother is, at any rate;" and with this sudden change of base Rob put by "Robinson Crusoe," and took down his cap.

They were late when they arrived at the school-house. The tall singing-master, who in addition to talking through his nose was a tremendous disciplinarian, suspended his operations on the black-board, whereon regiments of scared semiquavers zigzagged up hill and down hill; holding his chalky wand in mid-air till the culprits had seated themselves; while every body looked on in profound silence.

"How mortifying!" thought Cicely, angrily; for had not the whole assembly had an opportunity to see that John Saunders was not with her? And could she not hear, with burning, tingling ears, the whispering behind her? She knew who it was; she had caught a glimpse of Lettie's beautiful eyes. Yes, there was no denying it, her eyes were beautiful.

Rob plucked her sleeve while they were singing "China."

"I say, Cicy, there's John just come in. Bet he did call for you."

The blood flew to Cicely's face; her heart throbbed fast and furious. Somebody walked down the aisle—she knew that step; somebody seated himself behind her. It was the only vacant seat, but, unfortunately, next to Let Davis. That sly little thing had made the place by dint of pushing. Instinct, perhaps, told her that Cicely and John had quarreled. Unreasonably angry, Cicely would not look round till recess time, accomplishing this feat, when she did so, with more manœuvring than was necessary for so simple an act.

She barely recognized John. He, though piqued, tried his best to be civil.

"I called for you," he said; "I was detained."

"Oh, it wasn't any matter," Cicely responded, feeling her heart throb through her voice.

"Wasn't, eh?" he asked.

"No; I had Rob."

"Oh, perhaps it wouldn't be any matter if I never called again."

Rash girl! she heard the tremor in his voice, saw the pale lips drawn hard over the white teeth; but her good angel had deserted her.

"I could survive it," she said, coldly, flashing a glance into his face which he could not be supposed to know was half anguish, half resentment, and all pleading. Then one of Cicely's old admirers, who had been watching his opportunity, came round, and Cicely talked as fast as she could, and smiled, and was coquettish, without knowing or caring what she did, persuading herself that she was punishing John.

So she was; but John was proud, and—he said it himself—mad clear through.

"Miss Lettie, shall I see you home?"

Cicely heard the question, saw the old black-board wiped clean for the morrow's algebra, heard the long-legged singing-master dismiss the school, and answered something her old admirer said with closed teeth. For a moment it seemed to her as if she should die, she turned so cold—such a deathly faintness came over her.

"Say, Cicy, I'm going with Tom Bentley," said Rob, stretching his curly head past Ned Waters, the old admirer, who had retained his seat.

"No, Rob, you must go home with me," said Cicely, holding her hands together hard to keep herself from trembling.

"Why, ain't John—?"

"I shall be most happy to see you home, Miss Cicely," said Ned.

"That's jolly!" cried thoughtless Rob, after the manner of boys of that age; and before his sister could speak he was gone.

If Cicely wept bitterly, and tossed and turned on a restless pillow all that night, she had the poor satisfaction of knowing that it was all her own fault, that she had trifled with an honest heart.

"He overlooked my harsh words," she sobbed; "he came after me; oh, if I had only waited! and now I have driven him from me forever."

It seemed so. John did not come again. Cicely bore her heartache in patient silence, but grew very white and sad; and it began to be whispered round that she was disappointed. It was like walking on live coals to Cicely, when she thought of that inevitable gossip. She tried her best to be brave. Every Sunday she met John, who sat at the further end of the deacon's slip. Every Sunday she went home with a heart as heavy as lead, for there, sometimes just before her, walked John with happy Let Davis.

One Sabbath she returned from church, pleaded a headache, and went up into her own room. There she had a battle with herself. Her heart bled, her spirit fainted, her soul cried out for strength, but no strength came. She had heard that day from one, the certainty of whose knowledge she could not doubt, that John and Lettie Davis were engaged to be married. The wedding was to take place in a couple of months, and her informant was to be one of the bridemaids.

"Every body thought at one time it would be you," added the news-giver; "but I fancy Lettie always liked him." Poor Cicely! the terrible intimation fell like a thunder-bolt on her heavy heart; for all along she had been hoping against hope. She was stunned, frightened at her own apathy when the truth was forced upon her. Her John, so beloved, to marry another! Would God allow it? Had he forgotten his deep, manly passion—his vows? But then, whose was the fault?

"I sent him from me, and the punishment is just," she cried to herself, walking blindly on, while her friend enumerated the pretty things which Miss Lettie was going to the city to buy.

Every day after that Cicely had to fight over the same old battle, till it seemed as if her strength was nearly exhausted and her will powerless. Every body noticed that Cicely looked ill, that she had lost her spirit—those at home, who saw her daily, being, as usual, the last to take notice that there was something wrong with Cicy.

"Deacon says you're growing thin, deary," her grandmother ventured to repeat one Sunday morning, when Cicely, according to her usual custom, sat down by the old lady to read to her.

The bright head bent yet lower till it rested on the old lady's knee.

"Cicely, child, you are crying," said her grandmother; and then, after a long pause, "Is it John?"

"Oh, granny," sobbed Cicely, "the light girl stands between *him* and *me*. Don't you remember? But they are both looking the other way, not as you said, and it—it will kill me."

The trembling old hand fell on her shining tresses.

"I tell you, deary," said the solemn old voice, "John will never have the light girl. Don't break your heart, little love. I say it again, you'll marry John Saunders yet. I feel it in my bones. I've always felt it."

"No, granny," murmured Cicely, wiping her eyes as she lifted her head; "they are engaged. They will soon be married; and I—I am very weak and foolish. I shall feel better—when it's all over. Then I'll try and be reconciled; for, granny, it's all my fault."

What a morning it was! Through the open window such wealth of beauty, such utter quiet! The wide, grand expanse of heaven, untouched by a single cloud; the hills sleeping in the ruddy sunshine. The bees droned lazily among the flowers, breaking the bee Sabbath with impunity; the trees stood motionless against the heavenly blue of the horizon. Never had its azure seemed so perfect.

"Curus sort o' day; weather-breeder, I guess," said the aged deacon, as he lifted his Bible, old like himself, and stumped away with the aid of an enormous knotted cane. Cicely walked beside him, determined still to conquer herself.

"Did you ever know it quite so still?" she asked.

"Well, 't 'pears to me 'tis uncommon quiet," said the old gentleman. "Don't know as ever I did."

That morning Lettie Davis sat in the singers' seat. Cicely never looked at her now. That red and white beauty had ruined all her hopes. Yet no; it was all her own fault: and that was the reflection with which she always ended.

Cicely sat near the window, looking dreamily out upon the little grave-yard, hearing the minister's voice as if it were a faint, far echo. There were tears in her eyes, and the little white and gray head-stones wavered before her misty sight. The silence grew awful; the air was stifling. Suddenly there came a strange, low, thunderous sound. The last note of old "Coronation" had died out; and Squire Huxley, the fat man of the village, mighty in proportions, knocked the cricket aside, stumbling as he sat down. Was it that, Cicely queried, with an involuntary smile, that shook the seat so? But presently the pews were rocking; the house was moving; the glass in the windows shivered and rattled and broke.

The whole congregation sprang to their feet, Cicely among them.

"My hearers," said the minister, "the great and terrible day of the Lord—" And then the floor upheaved; the old house shook like a reed in the storm. Dire confusion followed. Men and women and children cried out for fear. Cicely, half unconscious, yet terrified, found herself struggling with the crowd.

Another vibration, that sent the throng of human beings swaying and falling upon each other, shrieking for mercy—and the outer air.

At that moment, in the extremity of her terror, Cicely, with uplifted hands, seeing the face near her dearer than all the world, cried, in an agony of love and fear,

"Oh, John, save me! save me!"

Ah! she was in those arms; held close, close in a passionate fold to that heart that she knew now beat only for her. How she clung to him, till the cries and the terror subsided! Then he gently put her from him with these whispered words:

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late." His pallid lips trembled as he spoke.

She hardly remembered what happened after that, walking home as one in a dream. She heard people talking about the earthquake, and vaguely wished the earth had opened and swallowed them up when her head lay on John's bosom. She trembled with rapture and horror by turns. She dared not think calmly. What should she do? How should she live?

A neighbor called in a few days after the earthquake—one of those angular specimens of the genus spinster of which every village has at least one, spiced, like a daily newspaper, to suit the tastes of those who are willing to listen and gossip back again.

"Curious about Lettie Davis, isn't it?" she asked, her sly orbs noting the tremor and sudden pallor of Cicely, who had made a self-winder of her left hand and arm, and was slowly rolling a ball of yarn into vigorous proportions.

"Haven't you heard, Cicely?" she queried again.

"I haven't heard any thing about Lettie," said Cicely, not daring to lift her eyes, for the blending of sudden hope and fear conspired to send the blood to her face, hot as fire, and to turn it back in a current so cold that Cicely shivered internally, and almost dreaded that her teeth would chatter.

"S'pose you remember Lettie's old flame of two years ago, Yorke Harris; sort o' cousin, I b'lieve. Let liked him, but the old folks wasn't satisfied on either side. He was a wild fellow at one time. Well, what do you think? Seems when that yearthquake begun Lettie run down out o' the choir, and never stopped till she came to Colonel Harris's, nearly faintin' with fright, when who should she see but Yorke—Yorke Harris. He'd come back the night afore. It's like a story 'bout him. He's been goin' straight all along; and, through his father's influence, they say, he's to become a pardener in one o' the fust houses in Cincinnati or St. Louis, disremember which. Now Yorke *is* a harnsome fellow; *you* know that, Cicely; you've seen him. My dear, there's no young man in this town cuts such a dash."

"Indeed!" repeated Cicely, only conscious that something was expected to be said; what was there very strange in all this? she thought.

"Well, Lettie's at her old tricks; she always was a flirt; either she wants to make t'other man jealous, now she's sure of him, or there's been a quarrel. Yorke's walked on Main Street three times with Lettie Davis; I've seen 'em myself."

"Yes."

"I'd as lief tell news to a stick as to you, child; it's all 'yes' and 'well.' It's plain to see that Yorke likes that girl better'n ever; and he's on the road to money, and Let wants a rich husband, I know that. You ought to see him now; such a splendid beard! And style!—why, there's no comparison."

Cicely listened, but told herself she did not in the least care—was not in the least interested. The sad look, the trembling voice of John, good John, manly, grand John, whom she had so desperately trifled with, were ever before her eyes, ever sounding in her heart.

"God help us both, Cicely; it is too late."

Was Miss Cribbins's penetration at fault? The corners of her thin lips twitched a little as she looked at her. How she did long to know whose fault it was that John and Cicely had become as strangers all at once; but something in Cicely's face forbade the question, and she ran up stairs to spin her little toothsome yarns to grandma.

Cicely was alone. The ball of yarn had dropped from her hands. Trot, the great yellow cat, had stopped it with one velvety paw, and was gazing with a look of almost human interest into the face of her mistress. Then the girl leaned her head against the high back of the old rocking-chair, and all the beauty and comfort and tenderness of life seemed to fall away as the misty eyes closed, and the choking sob swelled in her throat.

It was "too late—too late."

Be it known unto the reader that Miss Cribbins of all the Sunday flock had been a witness to that little scene in the aisle of the rocking church. Half terrified out of her wits as she was, true to her instincts as item-gatherer for the community at large, she noted the circumstance; and having a little bone to pick with Lettie, whom she very much disliked, she imparted the matter to her, with a few variations, under the promise of eternal secrecy.

"It was natural, perhaps; you know every body expected Cicely and he'd make a match, once; and I s'pose they both thought their time'd come."

Lettie was angry, jealous, but skeptical. Whenever she thought of it, her vain, fickle little heart swelled with resentment; some way, when she happened to be thinking about it, her cousin came in, and that was very often. He was a discreet young man, half astonished at himself at finding the old love revived, and desperately unhappy because Lettie was engaged. It also occurred to Lettie that, compared to this Adonis, blonde hair, beard, and all, John, with his compact, muscular figure, looked a trifle coarse. There was no denying that; but he looked a trifle grand, too.

John had moped all the week. This was something new for him of late. Why could he not forget that one moment of bliss, so long, so heavenly sweet? In vain he called himself to task; in vain he threw all his energy into business for five minutes at a time; in vain he strove as resolutely as he could to put aside his uneasy thoughts.

Ever and anon he gave a downward glance, as if to assure himself that there, on his bosom, that dear face had rested, and ever the pitiful eyes seemed uplifted to his. What should he do? He must be honorable.

Lettie out with the whole matter one day. It was after Yorke Harris had been sitting in a melancholy attitude, listening as she played the few simple airs he remembered of lang syne.

John came in just as Yorke had gone out, saying to himself, as he pretended *not* to look,

"So that's the fellow!"

Poor John! He had never dreamed of this, and the blood rushed to his face. What could he say, what could he do, but the most awkward things imaginable? It took him so completely by surprise, that, leaning one hand on the slender table full of nick-nacks, the candelabrum, with its hanging pendants, the card-basket, and every thing movable went to dancing with the sudden, furious trembling and tingling of his nerves.

Lettie's conduct on this occasion rose to the verge of heroism. She even thought of Yorke's handsome face and his great love for her, poor fellow! It was her one little romance, and she determined to be generous.

"You needn't answer, John," she said, making herself as tall and stately as possible; "I presume it is true. Of course, from this time our engagement is ended, and perhaps it is better for both of us. I'm sure it is for me," she added, a little sting of a laugh at the close.

"But, Lettie—" stammered poor John, more and more confused; and if Lettie wanted revenge, why, she had it in witnessing his very visible mortification—his dumb anger that he was unable to defend himself as he knew he could and ought to.

"Never mind, Mr. Saunders," she said at last. "I don't care the least bit in the world" (she knew it was a fib). "You won't want to stay, I suppose; and I promised Mr. Yorke Harris that I would go to the theatre with him. He is going to take me over in the colonel's carriage."

It was seven already, and three miles to the city, John thought on receiving this strong hint. How he possessed himself of his hat, how he got out of that house, he never knew; but he did know, as the hours went on, that he was glad to be free. The sweet thought of Cicely was no burden now, and he said to himself a dozen times, "Thank God!"

John did the best thing he could do under the circumstances—had a long, delicious talk with Cicely some days afterward. Perhaps the trial did them both good, for Cicely made a solemn vow that she would never be a little hypocrite again, but tell the truth in all sincerity of heart; and John went about as if he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of paradise.

Miss Cribbins, the spinster, hugged herself whenever she saw Cicely's happy countenance. John pshawed and frowned, hot in the face, when sometimes the scene of Lettie's dismissal flashed across his mind, for he was not a little proud. Yet that did not hinder him from being the happiest man alive.

Lettie was quite as pleased as either of them, for she had transferred her affections easily to he fascinating Yorke Harris, who carried her off in triumph.

So Cicely became Mrs. Saunders before the end of the year, and the old grandmother's prediction was fulfilled, though it took an earthquake to bring it about.

## LAKE DWELLINGS.

THE large tract of land that forms the delta of the Orinoco possesses some very remarkable characteristics. It is always wet, but during several months in the year it is completely inundated, the river rising to an astonishing height, and covering with water a tract nearly half as large as England. This seems to be as unpropitious a spot as could be adopted for human habitation, and yet the Waraus (or Garános, as Humboldt spells the word) have established themselves there, and prefer it to any other locality, probably because their strange mode of life enables them to pass an existence of freedom. Varying much in the height to which it rises, in some places exceeding fifty feet, the Orinoco has the quality of rising year after year to the same height in the same place, so that when a mark is made to designate the height to which the water rose in one year, the same mark will answer year after year with scarcely the slightest deviation. Here the Itá palm thrives, which supplies to the Warau food, drink, clothing, and residence; for, selecting four that grow near each other in the form of a square, and cutting away any intervening trees, he makes deep notches in the trunks some three feet above high-water mark. In these notches are laid beams that are tightly lashed in their places by ropes made of Itá fibres. On these beams are laid a number of cross pieces, usually composed of the gigantic stems of the leaves, then a layer of the leaves themselves, and finally a smooth coating of mud, which soon dries under the tropical sun, forming a smooth, hard, and firm flooring, that will bear a fire without risk of damage to the wooden structure below. Ten or twelve feet above the floor the Warau constructs a roof of palm leaves, the corners of which are supported by the same trees which uphold the house.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEVER was a December more lovely than has been this of 1870. It seems to have forgotten its old established character, and has appeared in such a novel guise that we scarcely recognize it. We are incredulous about October days when the calendar tells us it is winter. Delightful has been this balmy weather—delightful for riding and walking, for business and for pleasure. Especially favorable has it been for the extensive shopping which invariably precedes the holidays; and Broadway daily testifies that the ladies, at least, have taken advantage of it. Not that they would have been kept at home by rain, or wind, or snow at this season. Oh no; the exigencies of shopping call forth courage and endurance. Christmas and New-Year's come but once in a twelvemonth, and nothing must interfere with the pleasurable business connected with them. And after all, poor old December gets few thanks for bringing us lovely days of warmth and sunshine. All the wiseacres shake their heads, prophetically saying: "We shall have to pay for this." "This weather is very unseasonable; it can not last." We do not expect it to last. Even now, while we write, the scientific out-lookers on Mount Washington may discover in the dim distance the signs of gathering snow-clouds; the telegraphic wires may signal this discovery over the country; and when our readers see these lines the wild winds may be blowing, and earth may be shrouded in white. But, while the bright days favor us, let us be thankful for whatever good they bring, and not prognosticate evil in the future, concerning which our knowledge is so limited.

The recent accidents which befell our transatlantic cables have given the public an idea of what it would be if no items of news could be sent from Europe by this wonderful apparatus. A morning paper with no intelligence from France and Germany, from England, Italy, or Russia, would seem almost worthless. European news by cable has become very much a necessity to the American people and to American trade. We can not go back to the old times—we must go forward.

That the Germans expect to spend Christmas in or before Paris is shown by a post-office notice recently issued at Berlin. It stated that in order to effect the dispatch of Christmas presents to the troops in France, the field post parcel service would be maintained in its present extent till the evening of the 8th of December, when the reception of parcels would be suspended.

Very curious it is to notice how popular names in literature or in the arts are applied to the most common articles of commerce. A London journal contains a flaming advertisement of the "Lothair Knife-Cleaner."

The *Court Journal* says: "Only seven persons have declined the English mission, as embassador from the United States, thus far. Why not appoint a lady?"

Perhaps it is not too late in the season to tell a Thanksgiving story. A day or two before the 24th of last November a turkey was brought by a farmer into the city of Syracuse. It was doubtless intended for somebody's dinner on that festive day, only the owner waited to obtain a good price for it. The fowl was, therefore, not killed, but was left in the farmer's wagon with its legs tied. It had no idea, however, of tamely submitting to its impending fate. Accordingly, in spite of confined legs, it soared aloft, but with little success. Impatiently it dashed through an immense pane of glass in a store window, and, lighting upon a sewing-machine, was caught. The glass, costing about $150, was left with a smooth hole and numerous radiating cracks. The turkey did not lose a feather, and has not been "called for."

A new "Garden for the People" will soon be open to the inhabitants of London; and the public are to be admitted on Sundays as well as week-days. It is to include fifty acres of land.

The infant son of Vice-President Colfax is to be the recipient of an elegant table service in silver—a gift of Senators of both political parties, as a testimony of friendship to the father. The service consists of a tray, bowl, cup, plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin-ring—the whole inclosed in a superb French walnut case, upholstered in purple silk. The tray is oblong, beautifully ornamented, and inlaid with fretted gold of twelve different hues. In the centre of the tray is the inscription, "Schuyler Colfax, Jun., from Senators of the XLIst Congress." An expansion of the rim at the side is supported by a shield of red gold, with monogram, surmounted by a wreath of tuberoses and morning-glories. The bowl and cup are finished in Oriental pearl and inlaid with gold. The knife, fork, and spoon also have handles of gold, and the napkin-ring bears the monogram "S. C., Jun.," in delicate characters. The casings are of French walnut, with a cover of ebony and satin-wood, inlaid with flowers.

A good fat cat now costs ten francs in Paris.

The Marquis of Lorne is popular just now. A photographer in Glasgow has received orders from a London house for sixty thousand of his photographs.

A citizen of Toledo, while dining at a hotel recently, found all eating processes suddenly suspended by the lodgment of a turkey bone within the esophagus. His painful choking was followed by vomiting. Medical aid was obtained, but the bone could not be withdrawn by instruments, and its sharp edges produced keen torture. Finally an attempt was made to thrust it down into the stomach. This was at length accomplished by means of a long, slender whalebone, to the end of which a piece of sponge was firmly attached. The crowding down was accomplished slowly, and with great pain to the patient.

The artistic gold pen, in imitation of a quill, which was recently mentioned as having been made by Herr Bissinger, jeweler, of Pforzheim, with a view to Count Bismarck's signing the treaty of peace in Paris with it, has been presented to the Count, who, in acknowledging it, wrote: "Your beautiful and very artistic present has been delivered to me by Herr Jolly. I feel some difficulty in knowing how to express my thanks for it." The Count might have added, "And how I shall get into Paris to use it."

During the year ending September 30, 1870, there were filed in the Patent Office 19,411 applications for patents, 3374 caveats, and 160 applications for the extension of patents; 13,622 patents, including reissues and designs, were issued, 11,094 tendered, and 1089 allowed, but not issued, by reason of the non-payment of the final fees. The receipts of the office during the fiscal year were $13,630,429 in excess of its expenditures.

Rumors from France are to the effect that the weather has been very severe, and that the ground has been frozen hard. Quite a contrast to our weather here, when in December roses have been blossoming out-of-doors.

Paris has begun to eat the poor beasts in the Jardin des Plantes. Several buffaloes have been sold to the butchers, but the butchers ask enormous prices for buffalo beef.

England appears to be getting ready for war. The government has given an order to one firm for 170,000,000 ball-cartridges; and 1,500,000 are being made every week in the Royal Arsenal.

A novelty has been started in Islington, England, in the establishment of a church solely for children. The service commences at half past six o'clock in the evening, and concludes at half past seven. No infants or adults are admitted. There is a good deal of singing, prayers are read, and an address or sermon of about twenty minutes' duration is delivered.

The Prussians are said to use the children they take prisoners as spies! Those who are natives of Alsace, and speak both French and German, are found useful. Yet it seems very sad thus to make the children traitors, as it were, to their country.

St. Cloud is converted into a fortress; the woods have been cut down, trenches made, and batteries erected for field-guns, as well as breast-works for infantry, rifle-pits, etc.; every house and wall has been loopholed, and the roads are strongly barricaded. Some of the articles employed in constructing the defenses are strangely out of keeping with their present uses. Near Ville d'Avray a square piano serves as a stand for a rifleman under a peculiar loophole; and at La Celle St. Cloud there is a barricade one of the component parts of which is a stuffed peacock, in close proximity to a garden-roller.

In Germany there are upward of 25,000 widows and 120,000 fatherless children, in consequence of the losses in the Landwehr corps alone, which is composed chiefly of married men.

We notice a statement that Dr. Russell has seen one of the Prussian ration-cards marked off for portions up to January 10, 1871.

At Strasburg all traces of the siege are fast disappearing. The fortifications are said to be restored to nearly their former strength. A large number of workmen are engaged in repairing the Cathedral, and it will shortly be reopened by the Prussians.

MANY of our readers have very little realizing sense of the immense business involved in our city postal service, or of the thorough systematization which is needful in all its details in order to attain any thing like perfection. During the month of October the total number of letters in New York city was 2,844,019, of which 1,855,340 came by mail, and 988,679 were "drop" or city letters. There are nearly three hundred delivery carriers. Scattered irregularly throughout the city are about fourteen hundred street boxes; but there is no system by which one can tell where to find a box. A proposition has been made, and is under consideration, of placing boxes on alternate corners of the streets all over the city—an arrangement which would be very convenient for all desiring to deposit letters, but which would inevitably require more than the fifty collectors now employed to remove the valuable contents of the street boxes. Letters are collected from the boxes from six to ten times daily, according to location. Up town the earliest collection is at half past five in the morning, and the latest at half past six in the evening; down town the earliest is at half past seven A.M., and the latest at seven P.M. The variations in time are with special reference to business convenience. Every drop-letter is stamped with the hour of its receipt by the post-office department; and with the exception of those dropped late at night, no city letter should be more than three hours reaching its destination. Many hours often elapse, however, and detectives are employed to discover the cause of such delays. Sometimes the fault lies between the collector and carrier; but statistics show that an almost incredible number of letters are dropped into the boxes with wrong addresses, sometimes with only a part of an address, and again with no address at all! Some are not stamped; others bear marks of having had post-stamps upon them; but investigation proves that some dishonest office-boy or messenger has skillfully removed them for his own private use. An unpaid letter is detained for prepayment, though the sender is always notified when it is possible to learn his name.

We find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* an anecdote of George IV., which is said to be new in print: At a small dinner-party at Carlton House Colonel Hamlyn, one of the boon companions of the Prince, told a story which, like most of the stories of the Regency, was more distinguished by its point than its propriety. When Colonel Hamlyn had finished it, the "First Gentleman in Europe" filled his glass and threw its contents into his guest's face, saying, "Hamlyn, you're a blackguard." What was the Colonel to do? To challenge the Regent was treason; and yet to return the insult in kind was to take a course which must have compelled the Prince, as a gentleman, to challenge the Colonel, or to ask some one to take up the quarrel for him. And yet to sit still was impossible. Colonel Hamlyn solved the difficulty by filling his glass, and throwing the wine into the face of his next companion. "His Royal Highness's toast; pass it on!" This was wit in action. It sealed Colonel Hamlyn's friendship with George IV. "Hamlyn," he said, with a slap on the shoulder, "you're a capital fellow. Here's a toast to you."

Now that the question of the payment of an indemnity by France at the end of the war is likely to become a matter of discussion, it may interest our readers to know what France had to pay at the command of the allied powers after the war in 1815. The payments were under three heads—namely, the indemnity proper, the cost of the army of occupation, and the claims of foreigners who had been despoiled or injured by the French revolutionary government. These sums were assessed as follows: 1. Indemnity to allied powers, 700,000,000 francs. 2. Pay, equipment, and clothing of army of occupation for three years—the provisions, etc., were paid in kind—150,000,000 francs. 3. Foreign and British claims, the Bank of Hamburg, etc., 312,560,000 francs. Total, 1,162,560,000 francs. This total in pounds sterling made a sum of about 46½ millions.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a man comes home and tries to bolt the door with a sweet-potato, pokes the fire with the spout of a coffee-pot, attempts to wind up the clock with his boot-jack, tries to cut kindling for his morning fire with a paper-knife, takes a cold potato in his hand to light him to bed, and prefers sleeping in his hat and boots, you may reasonably infer that he has been making the acquaintance of some very friendly people.

It is said that the reason why the Russian government is so slow in availing itself of the electric telegraph is that it is opposed to some of the necessary preliminary operations—such as *elevating the Poles*, for instance.

An enterprising ice-cream maker in Chicago advertises: "Families supplied by the quart or gallon, and delivered in any part of the city." For those who wish to obtain families this is an eligible opportunity.

The man who shot and killed a boy in his melon patch, when called to account for the deed, said he did it in mercy to the boy, who otherwise might have died a painful death from cholera morbus.

An elderly fat gentleman, in discussing a warm breakfast at an inn, called to the waiting boy: "Donald, bring me more bread; I eat a good deal of bread to my steak." Donald answered, with much simplicity, "Ay, please your honor, and ye eat a good deal of steak to your bread."

Why is a young lawyer like the national currency? —Because he is a legal tender, and somewhat green.

A dabbler in literature and the fine arts, who prided himself on his language, came upon a youngster a few days since sitting upon the bank of the river angling for gudgeons, and thus addressed him: "Adolence, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths a barbed hook, upon whose point is affixed a dainty allurement?" "No," said the boy, "*I'm a-fishin'!*"

Of all the specimens of German-American orthography that ever saw the light that of a Hartford saloon-keeper is the most excruciating. He has "painted him a sign," and it reads "Bosedevele Nodrushd." *Was der teufel ist das?* "Positively No Trust!"

Why is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

A gentleman, stating that a person engaged in an extensive line of business had lately failed, was asked by a lady if he knew whom he succeeded in business; to which the gentleman replied that "he did not know whom he succeeded, but it was evident that he did not succeed himself."

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

At a church of "color," about twenty miles from Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice: "Git down off them seats, both white man and color; I care no more for the one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly commence singing in short metre:

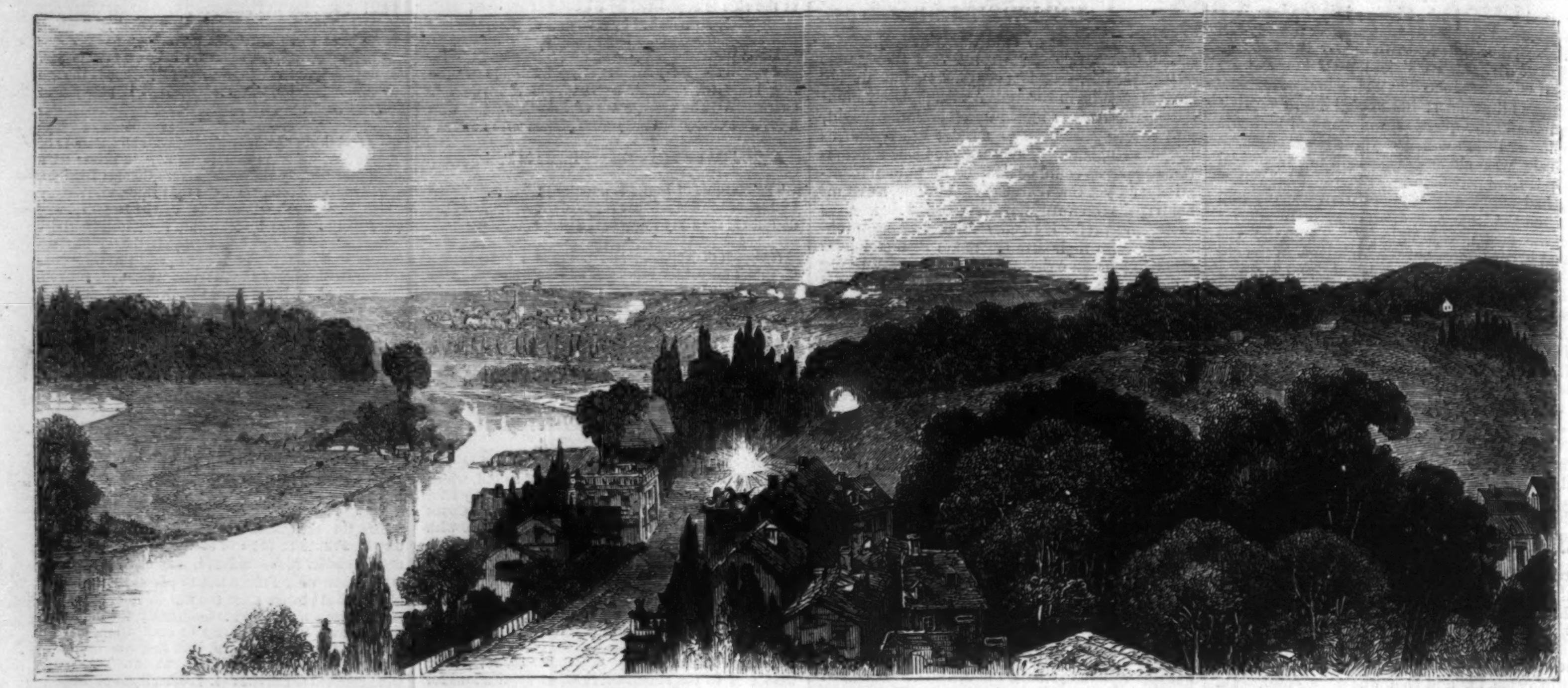
Git down off dem seats,
Boff white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Than I does for de odder.

FORTUNE-TELLERS—Bank clerks.

When the Chinese want to describe a person who pretends to be very brave, and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a hen's head with a battle-axe." A coward, who boasts of his courage, they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say, "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

The man who attempted to whistle a bar of soap has injured his voice by trying to sing a stave of a barrel.

"Look a-hea, Sam," said a Western negro to a field-hand over the fence—"look-ahea; d'ye see dat tall tree down dar?" "Yah, Jim, I does." "Wa'al, I got up dat tree night afore to-morrow." "Wat you in dat tree arter?" "I was arter a coon." "You catch him, Jim?" "Wait till I tell de fax, Sambo." "Well, succeed." "I chased de coon out to the todder end of dat longest lim, and den I hear suffin drap. What do you guess 'twas, Sam?" "De coon, ob corse." "No, you don't; 'twas dis 'ere nigga; like to broke he neck—been limpun 'bout eber since."



SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

## SCENE OF A LATE SORTIE FROM PARIS.

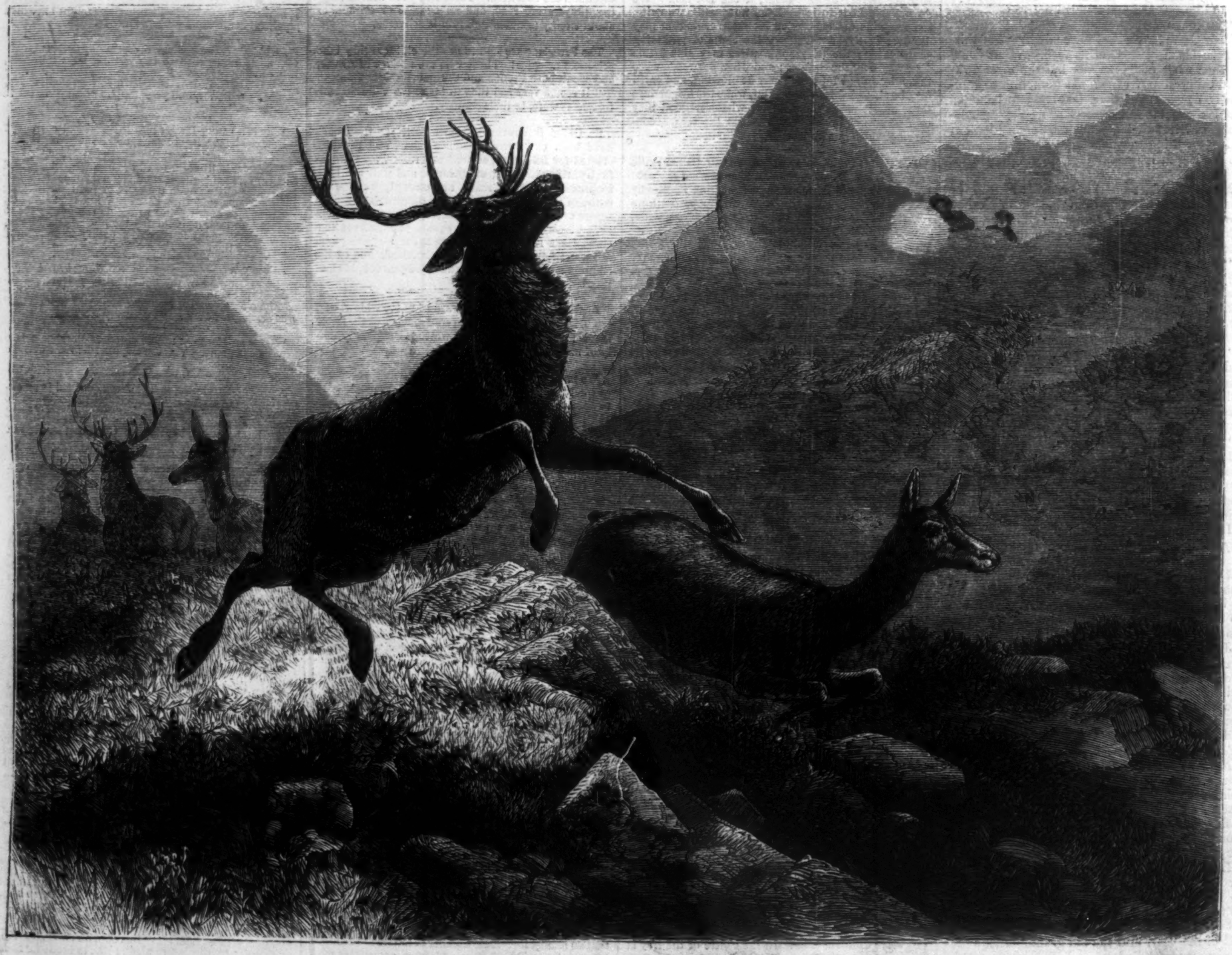
The above picturesque sketch represents the scene of a recent sortie from Paris, to which the French have given the name of the "battle of La Malmaison." Although the affair, which took place October 21, was the most serious that had occurred previous to the desperate attempt under General Ducrot to break through the Prussian lines of investment, it ended in the usual way; and an afternoon of sharp and bloody fighting was closed by a long string of Gardes Mobiles and Zouaves being marched under escort to Versailles. At Malmaison, Josephine's Malmaison, there is a pavilion in the Empress's garden, where, it is said, the first Napoleon planned the Jena and Auerstadt campaign. There was some hard fighting about there, and the dead and wounded lay about the garden when the day's work was done; and around the church of Reuil, with its monuments "à Josephine, Eugène, et Hortense," the Prussians are now quartered. So the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; but who can tell when it may take a turn the other way?

## THE POPULATION OF PARIS.

In 1866 the entire city of Paris within the fortifications comprised a civil population of 1,799,980, which, with 25,294 military, made a population of 1,825,274, occupying an area of 7802 hectares (the hectare is a little more than two acres). Prior to 1860 the city proper only extended over the 3438 hectares within the octroi limits, and in 1856 the density of population within that boundary was 242 persons per hectare, while in the circle outside the octroi, but within the fortifications, there were only 83 persons per hectare. Taking both outer and inner circles together, the average density was 197 persons per hectare in 1856, whereas in 1866 it was 234. Taking Paris as a whole, twice as many people were living on the same area in 1866 as in 1831, the tendency to agglomeration of course going on latterly with great rapidity in the banlieue, thanks to the dispensation of M. Haussmann. As regards area, Paris is just about twice the size of Vienna and of Dublin, nearly four times the size of Liverpool and Glasgow, about 1500 hectares larger than Berlin, and about a quarter of the size of London within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board. But the inhabitants of London and Berlin have more than double the elbow-room of the Parisians.

The number of houses in Paris in 1866 was 57,686, of which 1057 were uninhabited. This gives a ratio of 32 persons to each inhabited house. The number of separate tenancies (locations) was 641,165, providing for 675,222 distinct families or establishments. The houses in Paris are covered principally with zinc and slate. Only 149 thatched houses were to be found, and those in the outer parts of the city. In 1861 there were 8061 houses having nothing but a ground-floor; but in 1866 these had been reduced to 4778. On the other hand, houses with four stories above the rez-de-chaussée had increased from 14,347 to 16,197.

In point of origin and nationality the civil population of Paris comprised 592,763 born Parisians, 1,098,818 persons born in the French provinces, 2512 naturalized foreigners, 104,114 foreigners, and a small remnant of 1773 whose nationality could not be or was not ascertained. Of the foreigners, 8015 were English, 4023 Americans, 30,556 Germans, 28,430 Belgians, 5509 Dutchmen, 7398 Italians, 9939 Swiss, 2539 Spaniards, 1267 Russians, 4100 Poles, 501 Swedes and Danes, 304 Moldo-Wallachians, 281 Greeks, 307 Turks, and 1225 other foreigners. Thus it appears that only 33 per cent. of the population of the French capital are true Parisians, while nearly 6 per cent. are foreigners, of whom by far the largest proportion were Germans and Belgians, the English being comparatively few.



A DEAD SHOT.—[See Poem on Page 834.]

## Game of Ring-Toss.

Figure 1.

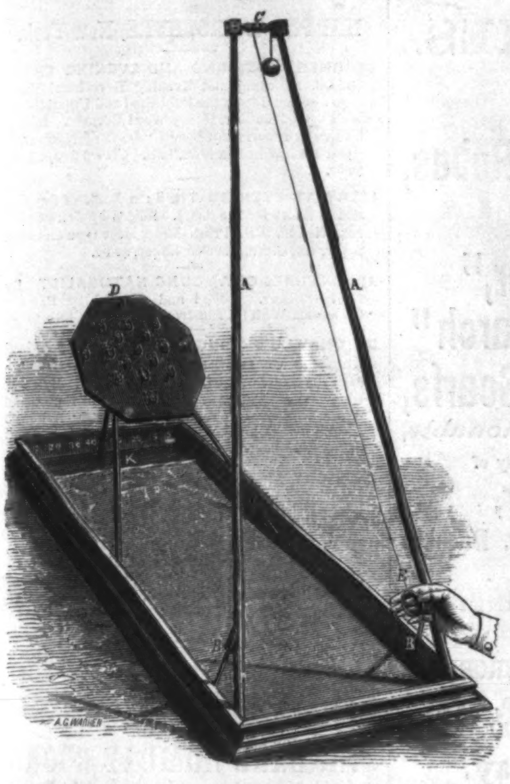


FIGURE 1 shows the Board as arranged for the GAME OF RING-TOSS.—**A A** are the Cues inserted in holes at the corners of the Board. **C** is the Cross-piece which supports the Pendulum and fastens the Cues at the top. **D** is an adjustable Target studded with numbered Hooks. A string passes through the Cross-piece, with a Ball at one end and the Ring **E** at the other. The Ring is lowered so that it will swing clear of the Board and catch upon the numbered Hooks on the Target.

This game is purely one of skill, and great proficiency may be acquired in playing it.

THE most wonderful invention of the age for the entertainment of children and adults is the LOZO PENDULUM BOARD, having a combination of eight different games, viz.:

Game No. 1. Ring-Toss with Ring.
" " 2. Ten-Pins with Swinging Ball.
" " 3. Pockets " " "
" " 4. Bagatelle " " "
" " 5. Ten-Pins with Cues and Balls.
" " 6. Pockets " " " "
" " 7. Bagatelle " " " "

And, by reversing the Bagatelle Board, it becomes a Miniature Billiard Table. All combined in the small space of three and a half feet in length, twelve inches in width, and two and a half inches in depth. It is made of Black Walnut, lined with the finest quality of Billiard Cloth, and it is furnished with a Cover to exclude dust, Two Cues, Ten Balls, a Set of Ten-Pins, and an Adjustable Target, Bagatelle, and Pockets.

In introducing the Lozo Pendulum Board I do not hesitate to say that it has no superior. The immense sale which followed the introduction of this Board into New York and other Eastern cities gives it precedence over all game-boards that have been presented to the American public during many years. It has been praised by the press, it has been commended by the clergy, and has every where received universal approbation as an elevating attraction for the home circle.

## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

Since my advertisements appeared in the thirty different magazines I have been called upon to forward by mail over 7000 illustrated catalogues, and I have come to the conclusion to place these illustrations before the public in such a manner as to have every one see them at a glance. There are probably no less than 500,000 persons who have seen those advertisements, and have wondered what the Lozo Pendulum Board was. Taking this medium to illustrate and describe it, I trust that no father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, or aunt, who are about to make a Christmas present or a New-Year's gift to their relatives or friends, will make a purchase before seeing this truly beautiful combination of parlor games. I call your particular attention to the editorials in *Harper's Bazar* and *Frank Leslie's* of last week. This Board is no toy, being made of the very best material. It will last five years with ordinary use, and I guarantee every thing to be as represented.

I also state that it is for sale by every Bookseller, Stationer, and Music Dealer throughout the United States and Canadas, from the fact that all of them have received my circular and price-list, from British Columbia to California. If you are desirous of purchasing one of these Boards, you can order it through your Bookseller, or send to me direct, inclosing a Post-Office Order or Money in Registered Letter, or by Express at my expense, or by Draft on New York by mail, upon the receipt of which I will forward one to any part of the United States by return express.

## Pocket Game.

Figure 3.

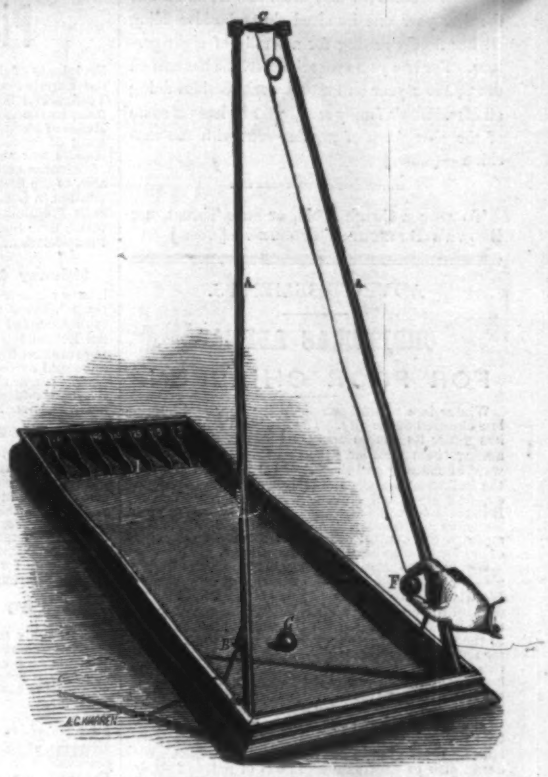


FIGURE 3 shows the Board as arranged for the POCKET GAME.—This game is played with the Pendulum Ball, in the same manner as the game of Ten-Pins. **I** is an adjustable Pocket, or series of numbered stalls. The object of the game is to propel a ball into each stall, or to obtain the greatest number of points possible by adding together the numbers at the head of the stalls scored.

**PRICE,**
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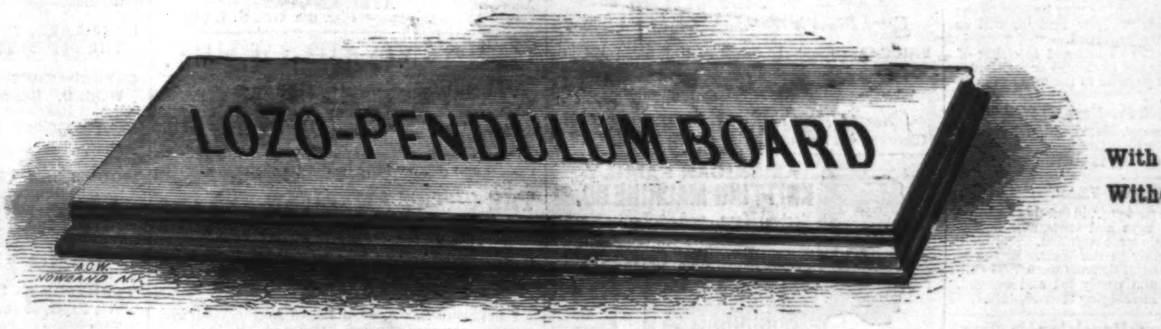

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## Game of Ten-Pins.

Figure 2.

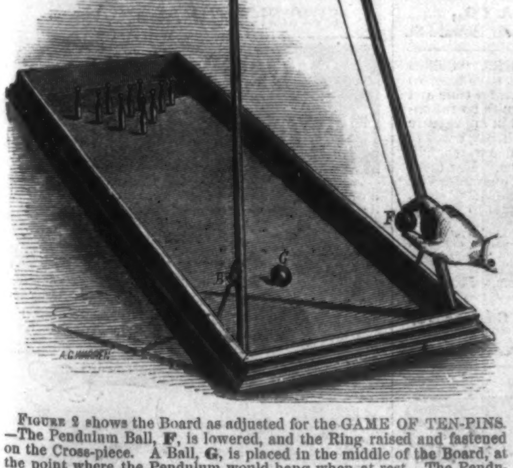

FIGURE 2 shows the Board as adjusted for the GAME OF TEN-PINS.—The Pendulum Ball, **F**, is lowered, and the Ring raised and fastened on the Cross-piece. A Ball, **G**, is placed in the middle of the Board, at the point where the Pendulum would hang when at rest. The Pendulum, when drawn back, imparts its motion to the Ball **G**, which is propelled among the Ten-Pins. A depression in the Board behind the Ten-Pins (see Figure 1, **K**) prevents the return of the balls.

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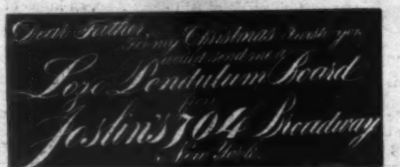

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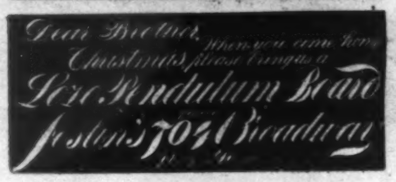

Dear Brother,
When you come home
Christmas, please bring us a
Lozo Pendulum Board
from
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## Game of Bagatelle.

Figure 4.

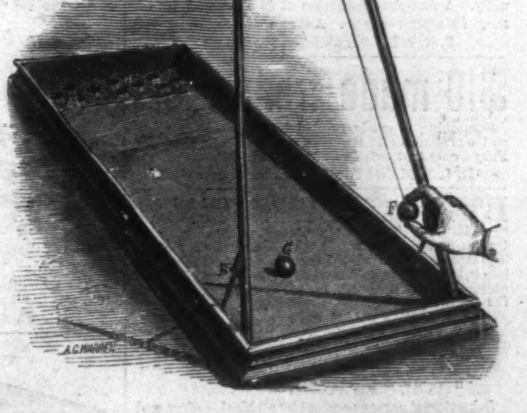

FIGURE 4 represents the Board as arranged for the GAME OF BAGATELLE.—[illegible] represents the adjustable Bagatelle Cups fitted into the depression K, shown in Figure 1. The game is played with ten balls, which are driven into the numbered Cups by means of the Pendulum Ball.

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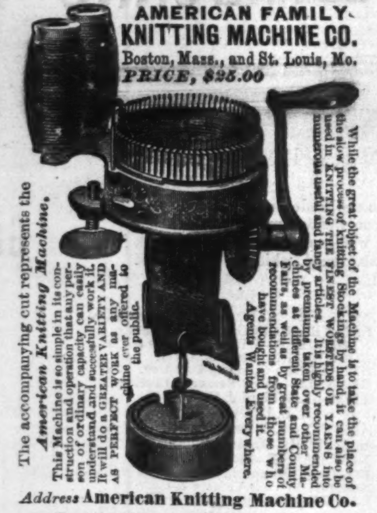

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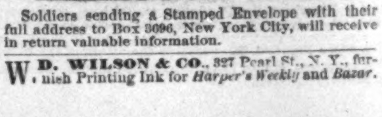

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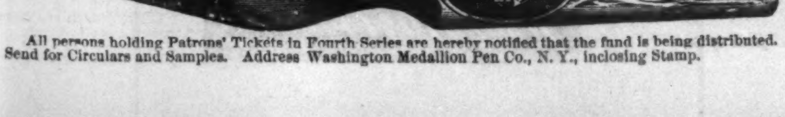

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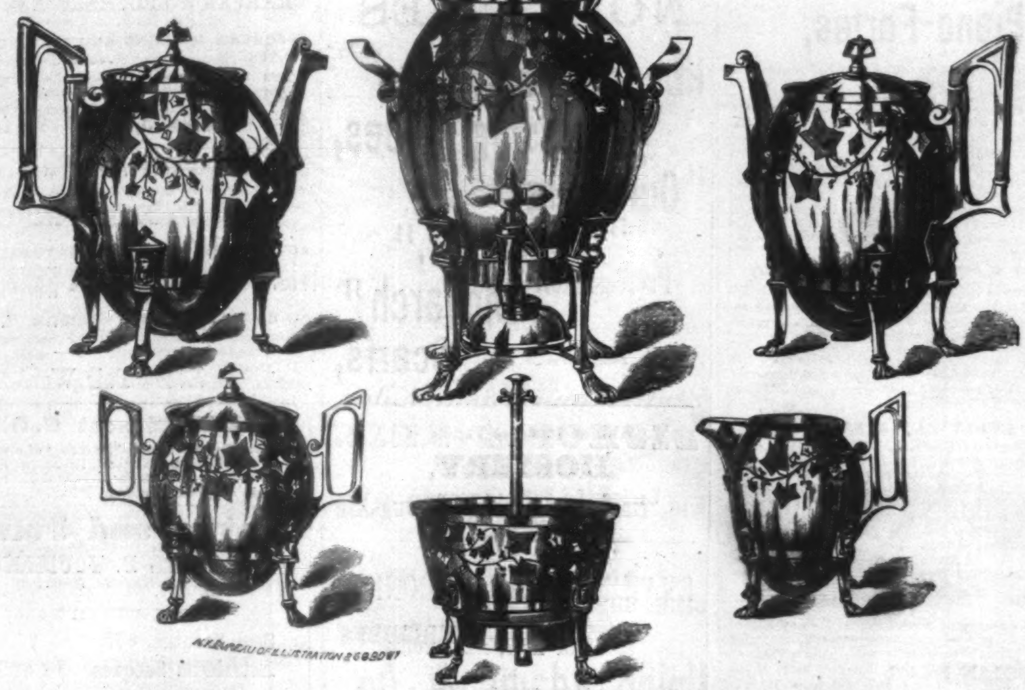
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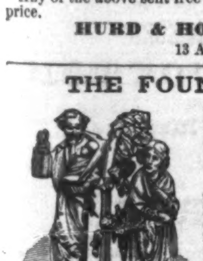

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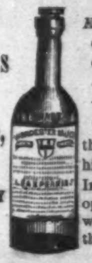

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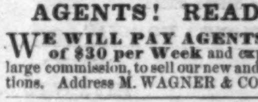
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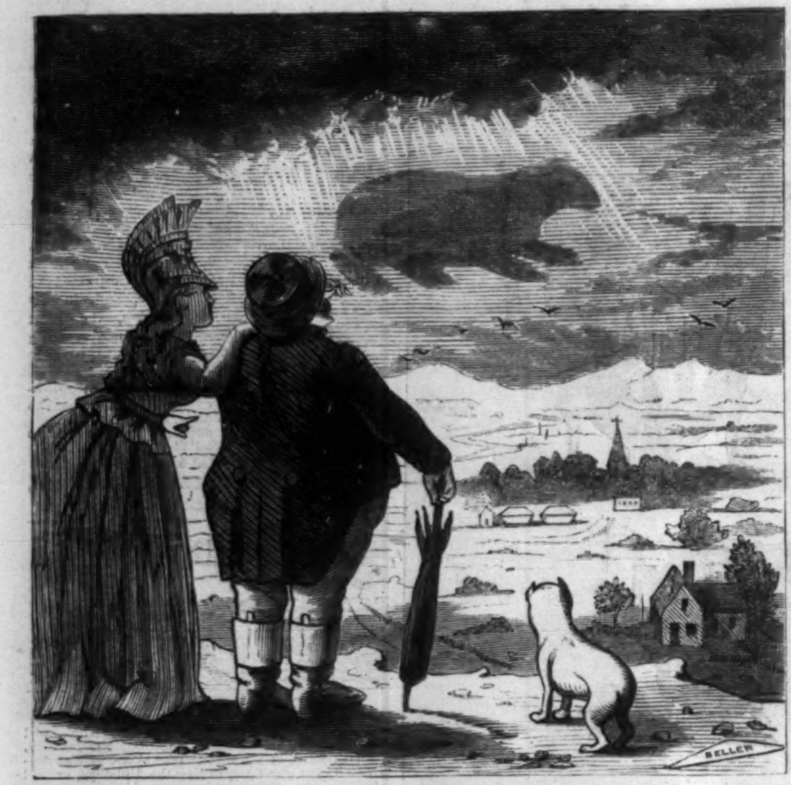

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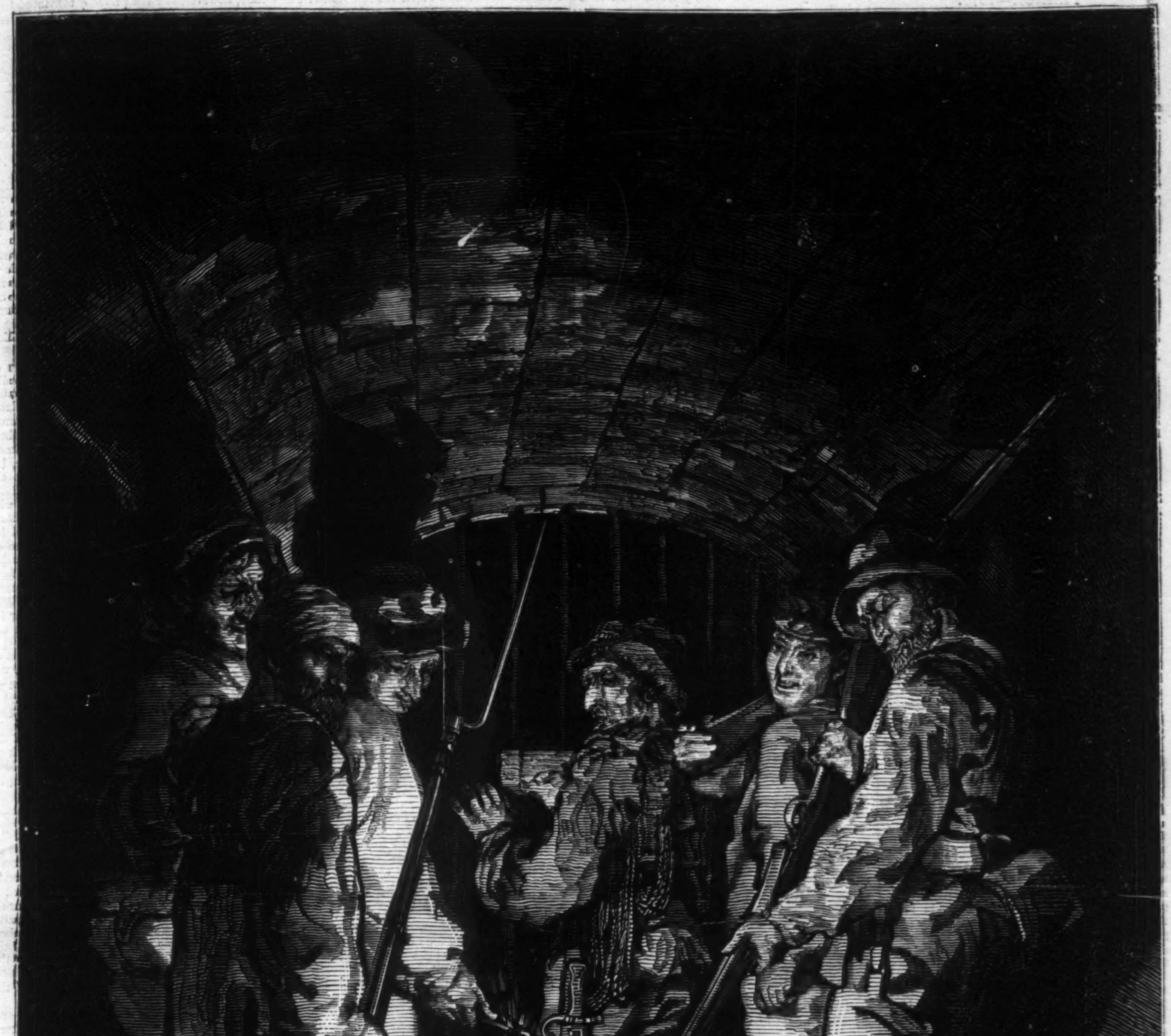


KEEPING WATCH UNDERGROUND—GUARDING THE OUTLET OF A PARIS SEWER.—[SEE PAGE 842.]

## FRANCE—1870.

Beautiful France! o'er the wide waste of waters
Swells the heart-breaking plaint of thy sons and thy daughters;
Beautiful France,
Famed in song and romance,
How thy prestige departs
As war's legions advance.

Beautiful France! o'er thy sunny dominions
The Angel of Death flaps his shadowy pinions;
Lovely land of the vine,
What enchantment was thine
Ere thy lustre was dimmed
By the hosts from the Rhine.

Voluptuous France! how thy beauty is marred!
With the gashes of war thy fair bosom is scarred;
Yet with eloquent woe,
In the dust sitting low,
Thou breathest defiance
And death to the foe.

Vain threats! as the bird in the fowler's deft snare,
Or the lion entrapped and attacked in his lair,
So the meshes of Fate
Bind *thee* fast—and *too late*
Is the dream of renown,
And the hopes which inflate.

The wail of thy peasants ascends like a dirge,
As the billows of war round their flaming homes surge;
And the babe at the breast
Is convulsively pressed,
As hunger's fell tooth
Gnaws the mother distressed.

And Paris, the bright incarnation of joy,
Invested with all that can charm or decoy,
Seat of pleasure and art,
Gilded luxury's mart,
Must thy splendor grow dim
And thy sceptre depart?

Now a belt of destruction encircles thy wall,
And proud Paris must yield, or proud Paris must fall;
For Destiny waits
Not for mortals or states,
And William in triumph
Shall enter her gates.

O France! bleeding France! what confusion and shame
Overwhelms thee to-day, and obscures thy fair fame;
With the suicide's knife
Thou hast struck at thy life,
And with maniac fury
Prolongest the strife.

In the name of true Freedom we conjure thee, cease!
And woo to thy bosom the Dove of sweet Peace;
Lift thy ensign on high,
And with soul-thrilling cry
Shout, "Vive la République!
Let tyranny die!"

## WATCH UNDERGROUND.

The striking and picturesque sketch on the first page of our Supplement this week illustrates a phase of the siege of Paris entirely peculiar to that city. It is well known to our readers that underneath Paris lies a vast system of immense sewers, having outlets on the banks of the Seine, without the city walls. They are large enough, as the illustration shows, to allow several men to walk through them abreast; and, in fact, they were constructed partly for a military purpose, in case a rising in Paris should require the prompt and secret concentration of troops in any part of the city, being connected with military stations at various points. Intended originally as a measure of security, these vast underground passages have suddenly become a source of danger to the beleaguered city; for should the Prussians once gain admission through the outlets, they might work their way into the very heart of the capital, and destroy it by the explosion of mines. To guard against this, the laborers employed to keep the sewers in order have been armed, and the engineers of the Ministry of Public Works have also taken care to fortify the interior both of the sewers and aqueducts, with barriers to prevent hostile intrusion; while they have blocked up the shafts entering the catacombs and underground quarries, and walled up every gallery that might give access from the outside to the inside of the circle of defenses. In addition to these precautions they have strewn the ground outside the outlets with torpedoes, which explode when trodden upon; and mines of large extent, with powerful charges of gunpowder or other perilous material, have been constructed near them.

The illustration conveys a graphic idea of the dismal service demanded of these subterranean guards, and vividly suggests to the imagination the horrors that would accompany a hand-to-hand struggle in those cavernous depths. French romancers and artists, after the war, will find material for many a weird sketch in the underground life of these guards.

## THE GIPSY OF MALAGA.

### AN ADVENTURE IN ANDALUSIA.

"By Jove! what a beautiful girl! Look quick, Sidney, before she vanishes like a beatific vision from our mortal gaze."

These were the words, uttered half in jest and half in earnest, which broke from my friend and fellow-traveler, Charlie Alston, as, wayworn and weary, we reined up our horses, in the rich glow of an autumn sunset, at the door of a low hostel, which in Spain does duty for a posada, or inn. We had left Malaga, en route for Granada, at 11 o'clock on the previous night, and after a forest ride by moonlight, the memory of whose enchanting loveliness no after dreams of beauty can blot out, we had taken what refreshment, in the way of grapes and light wine, the peasants could supply, and started afresh on what proved to be the hardest day's ride that even *I*, accustomed as I have been to the saddle from my nursery, ever remember to have taken. All day we rode under the scorching sun of Spain, sometimes over highways white and hot with dust, sometimes through leafy dells, where the fierce sunlight was broken by the shade of lofty trees, sometimes winding along the base of the lovely Sierra Nevada, and at every turn gazing upon some new landscape more surpassingly beautiful than the last.

During the latter half of the day, however, we had both been far too weary to make enjoyment possible, and my friend Charlie, who was at all times fonder of animated nature, especially when manifested in the female form divine, than of the loveliest landscape that ever enchanted my less material sight, was becoming very impatient at what he called the "dullness" of our journey, and especially exasperated that none of the far-famed beauties of Andalusia had thus far crossed our path. We had been riding for more than an hour, with not a sound to break the stillness of the air save the occasional tinkling of a goat-herd's bell, when Charlie's exclamation roused me from the state of torpor into which I had fallen, and I glanced out from under the shadow of my sombrero in the direction indicated by his eye. Before us stood the "posada"—a long wooden building, the roof rising somewhat in the middle and sloping gradually off to either side. At the door lounged a group of villainous-looking peasants, with our greasy, swarthy host at their head; and escaping by what seemed to be a back entrance, and passing rapidly down a side-path, was as splendid a specimen of womanhood as my eyes had ever lighted upon. She was tall and slight, and her form less fully developed than is common among Spanish girls of her age; but it had the litheness, and her step the elastic spring, of the young antelope. She wore the picturesque costume of the Andalusian peasant, and as we rode up she turned her head to look at us, thus enabling me to see the delicate oval of the face, the large dark eyes, the scarlet dimpled mouth, and, rarest of all combinations in a Southern clime, the wealth of golden hair which floated like a halo of glory round her small, well-set head. Altogether it was, as Charlie said, almost like a heavenly vision bursting upon our sight, and for a moment I shared his apprehensions that she might vanish as suddenly and mysteriously as she had appeared. Being, however, an old traveler, and of an eminently practical turn of mind, I checked my own curiosity and Charlie's burst of enthusiasm, and requested him in a few sharp words to "keep his eyes and ears wide open to what was passing around us, and to think of something besides women if he could."

By this time we had dismounted and entered the inn, where, in our rough traveling garb, with pistols and daggers at our belts, we might easily have been mistaken for the robbers that we were armed against. The building bore the usual appearance of a Spanish posada, consisting of a long, dark apartment, one end of which served as kitchen and dining-room for family and guests, and the other being partitioned into rudely made stalls for cattle, so that we had literally entertainment for man and beast under the same roof. It was a dismally rough and comfortless-looking place, and smelled so villainously of a mingled compound of garlic, stable, and unwashed humanity that my friend Charlie started and turned back as we entered the door.

"No help for it, old fellow," I said, in a sympathetic tone; "sleeping outside would be dangerous at this season, and, besides, our horses *must* be cared for. You'll get used to the perfume in a little while."

"Perhaps so," replied Charlie, with a shrug of his handsome shoulders; "but if ever I travel through Spain again I'll have my olfactories paralyzed before I start."

"And have your head made bullet-proof at the same time," I rejoined, "which is rather the more important of the two. Keep wide awake, Charlie, and listen to every word you hear spoken, without appearing to understand. I have been in Spain before, and I don't at all like the look of this place or its occupants."

As I spoke we seated ourselves close to the fire, which was throwing out any quantity of smoke and gas, but, as far as I could see, was capable of warming nothing but itself.

The night was, however, closing in damp and chilly, as is common in those latitudes, and both Charlie and myself were glad of the protection that the humble roof afforded.

To add to our complacency, the beautiful vision that had delighted our eyes in the open air passed in and out several times, laying the cloth for supper, and engaged in a variety of sufficiently mundane occupations to convince us that she belonged essentially to this lower sphere. It was difficult to form any opinion as to the relation in which she stood to the wretches who surrounded her, as she scarcely spoke or raised her eyes in reply to remarks that they made to her, and took no more notice of their muttered oaths and imprecations than she did of my friend Alston's insinuating efforts to attract her attention. As she was the only female to be seen about the place, however, I concluded that she was paid for her services, and would only remain while treated with consideration and respect. I also decided in my own mind that she probably belonged to some gipsy tribe, and had gentle blood in her veins—perhaps English or Scotch—which would account for her long fair hair, combined as it was with an Oriental richness of complexion, and eyes that had the darkness and softness of the gazelle.

She seemed to have some unexplained purpose in delaying as long as possible her arrangements for supper, which called forth more than one impatient "Caramba" from the ruffian who called himself our host. There were three men besides himself in the posada, every one of whom, I was ready to swear, had been guilty of deeds of darkness and of blood. I watched them as I sat with half-closed eyes beside the fire, and made up my mind that, if ever weary travelers were in peril of their lives, we were that night. Then I racked my brain to recall the last sign of human habitation that I had seen that day; and after satisfying myself that it was too far off to be of any use to us, I began to calculate our chances of resistance should an attack be made. We were well armed, and three to four, supposing that our guide would help us; but a glance into a distant corner of the stable department, where he lay sleeping, or feigning sleep, convinced me that no assistance could be counted upon from that quarter. Well, the situation was not a cheerful one, certainly; but Charlie and I had youth and strength and British pluck; and I hugged up the belief, that had been instilled into me from my childhood, that those qualities were more than a match for foreign perfidy and cunning.

So, after a few words to Charlie (whose whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the movements of the gipsy girl), cautioning him against any drink that might be offered to us, as liable to be drugged, I possessed my soul with patience, and again turned toward the fire. I suppose I fell into a doze, so weary was I with nearly eighteen hours in the saddle; and when I opened my eyes it was to see the Andalusian standing between me and the table at which the rest of the company were seated, and to hear "Supper is ready, Señor!" pronounced aloud in Spanish, and "Sleep not an instant under this roof," from the same lips in fairly good English, but in a low, hissing tone, inaudible to all but myself. Between sleeping and waking as I was, I shall never forget how like a heavenly visitant she looked, as she stood in that low den, with the light from behind illuminating her golden tresses, and her finger on her scarlet lips enjoining silence. It was but for a second, but I understood the danger and the warning as well as if it had been written in letters of fire on the wall; and curbing, by a mighty effort, my desire to hear more, or even to give a glance of responsive gratitude to the girl, I rose and seated myself at the filthy, uninviting board. There was little to eat besides the usual provision at a Spanish inn, "*olio*," which I verily believe to have been made after the nursery recipe for the manufacture of naughty boys, of "sticks and snails and puppy-dogs' tails," so indescribably revolting was it to our English palates; and as both Charlie and myself were firm in our refusal of the sour wine which was repeatedly pressed upon us, our host soon rose from the table, and, with a movement of his thumb, indicated the ladder which would conduct us to our sleeping-room above.

We were to start again an hour before daylight, and Charlie would, I think, have much preferred passing the night in the kitchen, with the chance of getting an occasional glimpse of the fair Andalusian, but, knowing the danger in which we stood, I was quite firm in my determination to see what could be done in the way of fortifying and barricading the apartment appropriated to us above. So, to prevent all chance of escape on his part, I placed Charlie before me on our upward march, and after nearly breaking my neck and his own in his frantic efforts to catch a last look at his inamorata, I finally succeeded in getting him to the top of the ladder, and sent him bounding like a shot out of a shell, into the very middle of the room.

Then closing the door, and perceiving, as I quite expected, that it had neither lock nor bolt, I proceeded to scrutinize our position. The room was large, and not very low, with the naked rafters above, and the roof sloping down on either side; one window directly opposite the door, in front of which stood two low beds, and a very large and heavy piece of furniture, half secretary, half bureau, on the right-hand side.

"What the deuce has come over you, Sidney?" were the first words that Alston uttered after he had recovered from his surprise at being so unceremoniously propelled into the room. "Are you going to elope with the Zingara, or to dare all those devils down stairs to single combat? There's the fire of determination in your eye, as we used to say at Baliol. What's the matter, old fellow?"

"Nothing but that we are going to be murdered to-night, and that those 'devils down stairs' are preparing at this moment to do it."

"Whetting their knives, eh, Sidney? and sharpening their axes to chop us up with? Well, you'll make pretty good kindling-wood, old fellow—your bones must be dry enough by this time; they won't find *me* so useful."

A brandy-flask aimed at his head put an end to further chaffing, and we sat down gravely on one of the beds to speculate upon the meaning of the Zingara's warning, and to form our plans for the night. After some discussion we decided, as we were both quite worn out with fatigue, to watch by turns an hour at a time, each one waking the other at the expiration of the sixty minutes. As Charlie was younger than myself, and less used to roughing it, I insisted upon giving him the first chance, and looking at my watch as he threw himself on the bed, perceived that it wanted a few minutes of ten o'clock. Previously to this, however, we had by the exertion of our united strength succeeded in moving the ponderous bureau in front of the door, where, by entirely blocking up the entrance, it seemed to me to form an effectual barricade in that quarter. A very few seconds sufficed to throw Charlie into an audible slumber, and then silence the most profound settled down over the house.

I walked to the window and looked out upon the range of picturesque hills, now flooded with the moon's pale beams, and then calculated with my eye the distance of the window from the ground, and the possibility of "a leap in the dark," in case we were attacked from the other side.

Having satisfied myself that "the leap" would be certain death, I turned back into the room, and began to examine the strength and position of my barricade. This occupied but a very short time, however, as I felt perfectly convinced from its size and weight that no human being could move it from the outside. Then I sat down upon the side of the bed to await in silence and solitude the termination of my dismal watch.

Charlie's blue eyes were wide open as soon as I laid my hand upon his shoulder to announce that his hour of rest was ended, and, starting up as fresh as if he had slept ten hours instead of one, he turned a deaf ear to my whispered entreaties that he would let me watch with him, and pushed me down with gentle violence upon the bed.

For the first fifteen minutes I lay wide awake, watching Charlie as he looked carefully to the priming of his pistols and placed them fully cocked by his side. Then my eyes closed, and for half an hour I slept. A touch on my arm awoke me, and at a gesture from Charlie, who was still sitting where I had last seen him on the side of the bed, I checked the exclamation that was rising to my lips, and turned my eyes upon the antique secretary, which formed our only fortress and defense against our enemies.

"Look sharp," said my friend, in a breathless whisper, "and you will see it move."

At first I thought it was an hallucination of Charlie's always vivid imagination, but a steadier gaze convinced me that he was right. The moon was now well down toward the western horizon, and its almost horizontal beams fell straight across the room. Yes, there could be no doubt about it; the huge thing was moving toward us—almost imperceptibly—without the slightest noise, but steadily and surely it was advancing into the room. I glanced toward the top, and could distinctly see that, whereas we had placed it with its back close against the door, so that not a sheet of paper could have been introduced between, there was now an open space there of more than an inch in width. I looked at Charlie, and his honest blue eyes returned the gaze; both felt that an hour of mortal peril was at hand; and as we grasped our pistols, and stood side by side ready for the first shot, I think a prayer for mercy and forgiveness went up from both our hearts.

Our movements up to this point had been as stealthy as those of our assailants, and there was probably very little doubt in their minds that we were wrapped in the deep and motionless slumber which excessive fatigue engenders. On the contrary, with eyes almost starting from our heads, we were watching the regular advance of the huge secretary, and preparing for an attack at any moment, when a low note, which might have been uttered by bird or insect, struck the ear of both at the same time.

Motioning to Charlie not to relax his vigilance, I turned toward the window, and, glancing out, perceived a ladder resting against the sill, the other end of which was firmly held by the hands of the gipsy girl below. Without an instant's delay I snatched the pistol from Charlie's hand, and motioned him to descend. He hesitated a moment, as loth to leave me alone, but I was so peremptory in my entreaty "to go instantly, and there would be time for both," that he clutched the ladder with one hand, swung himself lightly from the window, and disappeared, just as the body of a man, crawling on his hands and knees, became visible from behind the shelter of the bureau.

As soon as the villain saw that I was up and ready for him he sprang to his feet and uttered a hoarse cry for help. At the same moment I pointed my pistol at his head and fired; and in the confusion and obscurity that ensued from the rush of others into the room, and from the smoke of several pistols discharged simultaneously, I seized the end of the ladder and was on terra firma and flying down the narrow ravine between Charlie and the Zingara, before the inmates of the posada were aware of my escape.

The girl was as swift-footed as a deer, and sped rapidly on before us, until we plunged into what seemed to me a primeval forest, and in whose friendly shades we knew that we were safe.

Then the girl opened her lips and told us that she had heard of the plot to murder the "two young English travelers" three days before; that our guide was one of the gang of ruffians, and was pledged to bring us to that posada, instead of to the one a few leagues further on, where respectable travelers always stopped, and to which she was guiding us now. The placing the piece of furniture as a barricade against the door had been anticipated and provided for by loosening the panels of the door, which had been removed so noiselessly that even Charlie, wide awake as he was at the time, had not heard it; and then, when the secretary had been pushed sufficiently forward, the five ruffians hoped to crawl in on their hands and knees and murder us in our sleep.

"And I could not come sooner to your rescue, Señors," continued she, "because I was suspected and so closely watched; but the instant I saw them all at the top of the ladder which led to your room I rushed round to the window to give you the chance of escape. And you *are* safe, the Virgin Mary and all the blessed saints be praised! Marichita has done one good action more;" and she raised her large eyes to heaven with a glance more mournfully penitent than that of Guido's Magdalen.

We had been walking now for nearly two hours, and the purple light of morning began to tinge the tops of distant hills. Then the heavens were suffused with a rich crimson hue, which shot upward in brilliant rays to the very zenith, and deepened in fire and intensity as it touched the horizon.

"We part here, Señors," said Marichita, as she stood in the pomp and glory of the sunrise, her delicate features standing out in clear relief against the eastern sky, and the masses of her golden hair shining and shimmering in the sun's first rays. "Yonder is the inn where you will find fresh horses and a more trusty guide. May the Virgin and all the holy saints protect you!"

"Stay, Marichita," cried Charlie, springing forward and seizing her by the hand; "you shall not go back into that den of thieves. Go with us to Granada. Let us, at least, leave you in safety there; and if the devotion of my life will prove my gratitude for this night's service, Marichita, I offer it to you now—"

He was going on to lay his hand and all his worldly possessions at her feet; but she drew herself up, and waved him gently back.

"Señor, it can not be," she said. "Marichita thanks you for your noble offer, but she would be out of place in your far-off English home. One little souvenir is all she asks;" and then, placing her hands upon Charlie's shoulders, she motioned him to kneel before her, and, taking a small dagger from her girdle, she severed one of the short, fair curls that lay so thick upon his head. Thrusting it hastily into her bosom, she turned, and, with an "Adios, Señors," disappeared in the mazes of the forest.

We never saw her again; but we heard at Granada that Marichita, "the gipsy of Malaga," as she was called, was well known for her deeds of love and mercy in all the country round. Of her origin or early life we could learn nothing, and the Spaniards shrugged their shoulders when we asked where and when we could hope to see her again. She was of Zingara blood, they said, though she was seldom with her tribe, and no one knew where or how she lived, only occasionally she was heard of in connection with some brave and kindly action.

It took my friend Charlie a long time to recover his tone and spirits after this little adventure, and I am inclined to think the wound made by the fair Andalusian was deeper than seemed at the time possible to my more phlegmatic nature. At any rate, he has never married, and when I ask him when he means to choose a mistress for his ancestral halls, his answer is,

"When I can find another Marichita, *amigo mio;* not before."

## RIDERLESS HORSES.

THE illustration on page 845 (Supplement) represents an incident remarked after one of the fierce battles near Metz, where many of the Prussian cavalry had been slain. When the evening muster-call was sounded by the trumpets of the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Royal Guard six hundred riderless horses came in answer to the summons. They were jaded, and in many cases maimed; but they had wandered about in affright till they heard the familiar sound, which their disciplined habits made them obey. The late Lieutenant-Colonel PEMBERTON upon this subject remarked: "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few, indeed, are there which have been in action which have not some honorable scars to show."

## DOWN A WELL.

IN a little village near Bazeilles, before the fall of Sedan and the occupation of the surrounding country by the Prussians, a party of Zouaves caught sight of a young officer of hussars, who had ventured alone upon a daring reconnoissance in advance of his party. They instantly gave chase. Our hussar dashed away; but two or three light-heeled French soldiers rapidly ascended a piece of rising ground, and were able to bring down his horse with the far-ranging bullets of the Chassepot. The hussar was presently made prisoner; and as he spoke French, and complimented his captors in a jocular vein on their skill and celerity, the Zouaves at once became very friendly—gave him some wine and a cigar to smoke while they searched him. The only things they found in his pockets were a Dutch pipe, an empty tobacco-pouch, an old knife, and a torn letter. Of course, none of the French knew a word of German, and were still less likely to decipher a word in the German handwriting; but, thinking it might contain something worth knowing, they ordered their prisoner to translate it for them, first making him go down upon his knees and swear upon his honor to give them a faithful translation. He explained that the letter was from a brother officer in one of the new regiments which had not yet been engaged, and that the part torn off had been for his pipe. He then read what remained:

"The wagons with our rations are on the way, but we find them very slow. This is altogether a very hungry business. It began with hunger of the French for our lovely Rhine—"

Some execrations burst from his auditors, and the prisoner stopped; but was instantly ordered to go on.

"And this is really not surprising, because they once possessed it, and know what a beautiful country it is. But we all swear—do we not, my dear Ernst?—that never again shall French *frösche* hop on the banks of that lovely river."

The prisoner was here interrupted by a demand to be informed if the word *frösche* was of an insulting character; but, being assured that it was merely a philological form in natural history, he was allowed to proceed.

"The French are woefully off as to their generals. Only see how they send cavalry to attack our infantry and artillery in a wood! And this repeatedly. Then they are continually surprised: one of the greatest faults, you know. Our officers are never surprised. M'Mahon is a valiant fellow—not a first-rate general, but a good and honorable man—notwithstanding the out-and-out (*gänzlich*) thrashing we gave him. Besides that, we were always able to outwit (*überlisten*) him by Von Moltke's art. Bazaine seems a very good and trust-worthy man; so does Uhrich—but then he is far more German than French."

More execrations.

"As for the chief commander in Paris, what do you think of—"

The unfortunate hussar paused; but he was ordered to go on, and reminded, at the point of the bayonet, of his oath.

"What do you think of old Zu-viel Kohl?"

The hussar explained that it was only a pun—a mere *calembour — jeu des mots* — not to be translated. Here one of the Zouaves cunningly insisted upon looking at that part of the letter; and then it was found that the Prussian correspondent had written this pun in French,

"What do you think of old *Trop-chou?*"

Their great commander of Paris being thus designated as too much of old cabbage!

Some of the Zouaves were for bayoneting or shooting their prisoner upon the spot. In vain the hussar endeavored to make them see *he* had not written the letter—*he* had not made the offensive jest. It was a letter written *to* and not *by* him. His enraged captors said they could not enter into any of these fine distinctions, and he should *therefore* be shot as a spy!

It appears that this very logical verdict would have led to the speedy execution of the luckless hussar, but that one of the Zouaves suddenly called their attention, in a humorous way, to the fact that it was a promising pun for a Prussian; that such signs of wit in a barbarous, beer-swilling nation deserved some favor; that the offense was only committed by their prisoner at second-hand, because he had received and not written the letter. This interposition was received with great laughter, and the punishment of the bullet or the bayonet was commuted by a proposal to lower the hussar into a well.

This well, as they knew, was at the present moment nearly empty. But rain was beginning to fall, and after rain the well generally became full even to the top. So down this well they lowered—with many taunts and jokes, not unmingled with a few grim yet not quite unkindly pleasantries—our luckless hussar, whose only error consisted in his patriotic daring, and in not destroying a friend's letter, which contained a "promising pun—for a Prussian," on the name of the great Trochu.

Heavy rain fell soon after the hussar was down; and one of the wags of his Zouave captors took the trouble to run several hundred yards to a garden, in order that he might return with a large cabbage, which he threw down the well, supplementing it with a few hasty words, in which the wit, the grossness, the recklessness of *all* lives, the *bonhomie*, and the self-devoting patriotism, struggled in vain for ascendency. And so the victim was left. The heavy rain seemed likely to continue through the night, and the fate of the young hussar was settled.

Of course it was settled. In the morning, when the Zouaves went to look at the well, they found it full. "*Pauvre diable!*" said one of them. And then another Zouave began to reason, and say that, after all, the young Prussian fellow could not help what his friend had written. And presently several of them said, "*Pauvre diable!*" And shortly afterward they met the hussar coming round a corner, shivering, and saying he had had "a cold night of it!"

The rain had caused the water to rise in the well near to the very top, and the hussar—having had the sense to make himself, from boyhood, a fine swimmer—had simply "trod water" for some two hours and a quarter, varied by resting with "suspension by the chin;" and, when the water rose to the top, he just stepped out. The sprightly Zouaves were so delighted with the result and its explanation that they took him to a room near at hand, made him warm "inside and out," and gave him a hint to slip round a corner of the house and be off before the officer of the night-watch got sight of him.

After the grave apocryphal manifesto of the Emperor Napoleon—not to speak of many of the telegrams—one does not know what to believe. We may doubt the authenticity of the above story; but certainly there is nothing in it at all improbable.

## ONCE MORE IN THE SUN.

WITH the coming of wintry weather the doctors lose one of their stanchest allies in the good fight they make against disease. Fresh air and plenty of it is what they need, and when tempered with the warmth of the sun there is no restorer like it. No one who, suffering from a long illness, has watched the dull skies, is likely to forget the sensation of that first warm day, when the clouds have vanished, and the wind, what there is of it, is in the south—when the lights are vivid, and the shadows strongly marked, and every mouthful of air which we draw in through the open windows seems to have new life in it.

The palace of Versailles, which has been turned into a hospital for the German soldiers, had one recommendation, its size, but otherwise it was not particularly well fitted for that purpose, and indeed it may be said that in one sense that very size was against it—there was too great a congregation of the sick and wounded under one roof, and the progress of convalescence was retarded by the vitiated state of the atmosphere. Men recover quicker in a tent hospital, they say, because the wind can blow through it and round it, and the principle is recognized in our permanent hospitals, where the plan now is to build them in separate blocks. What the German doctors could not get inside the palace they determined to get outside, and so in the warm weather, when the sun was high, those patients who were on the road to recovery were wrapped up in an extra blanket, and borne out upon the sunny terrace, there in the fresh air to eat their dinners with wonderful appetite for sick men. They are officers whom we see in the sketch on page 848, each with his servant to wait upon him, and a good Sister to superintend them all. Comrades drop in to have a chat, to tell them how things are going on in front—who has distinguished himself, and who has been distinguished by a Chassepot bullet. The inclement weather which now prevails in France has put an end to this outdoor nursing, and greatly lessened the chances of recovery to the sick and wounded in the trenches about Paris.

## GERMAN RECRUITS.

THE lower sketch on page 844 (Supplement) was made by an artist who witnessed the jovial scene there depicted on board a military train from Cologne to Mayence. His noisy fellow-passengers were German recruits—merry, honest, simple young lads from a rural province, under the charge of a staid elderly non-commissioned officer. They sang, with too vociferous enthusiasm, the famous patriotic song, "The Watch on the Rhine," which has been heard along the highways of France, all the way to Paris and beyond, sounding above the tramp of a hundred thousand booted feet, with the full strength of German manly voices, as their armies have marched into the enemy's country.

## A JUDICIAL COMBAT.

A CURIOUS judicial combat was fought in London July 14, 1380. The wife of the appellant, Sir John Anneslie, was a near relative of the renowned Chandos, and had inherited from him large domains, won and held by the sword, in France. The old warrior had intrusted Katrington, one of his squires, with the government of an important castle, and this squire had been continued in his command by Anneslie and his dame. The castle in question was one of the many that fell before the sweeping march and, as French historians delight to recount, the prowess of Duguesclin. This duel, however, throws a light on Duguesclin's conquests, in which other means a little less glorious than military skill and valor are seen to play an important part. So early as the last year of Edward III. Sir John accused the squire of selling his charge to the French; but Katrington had powerful friends—among them the Duke of Lancaster—and their influence shielded him against his assailant during the first year of the minority of Richard II. Still Anneslie, obstinate in the right, kept the case prominently before the public; and that public, exasperated at length by a long series of similar losses, spoke out so strongly in 1380 concerning this particular case, that Katrington's noble patrons shrank from shielding him further, and the duel was ordered. "The concourse who came to see the contest was thought to exceed that at the coronation," says the homely chronicler; and every man was passionately interested in the event. The fight took place on foot, and the champions, therefore, dismounted at the wickets. There occurred a circumstance that, in pagan times, would have been accounted ominous. Anneslie's horse plunged, neighing, after his master, and, finding the barrier closed, thrust his head far over the palisades into the listed space. Any prohibited thing that entered the champ becoming the property of the marshal, the Earl of Buckingham, who discharged that office on this occasion, claimed the animal—swearing that, come what might, he would have at least the trespassing head; and the horse was eventually awarded to him. Richard himself presided, in the presence of nearly all the nobility of England. When taking the oath the conscience-smitten squire hesitated and equivocated to such an extent as to excite universal indignation. Even his prime supporter, the Duke of Lancaster, was disgusted, and roared out that he would have him hanged out of hand if he continued thus to palter. This at once restored John of Gaunt to the place in popular favor which his manifest partiality for the traitor had done much to deprive him of. Stung by the sharp reproof, Katrington sprang to his feet unsworn. "Coward I am none!" cried he; "and I am ready to fight the knight in this or any other quarrel. But," he added, bluntly, "I trust more to my friends and the strength of my arm than to the justice of my cause, which, sooth to say, is scant." And well he might confide in his strength, for he was a giant in stature, and the knight among the most diminutive of the thousands present.

The sympathies of the spectators were all with Anneslie, and so were their apprehensions. Katrington, however, disappointed both friends and foes. He had fattened during years of inaction, his armor was ponderous and close, and the day was of the hottest. On the other hand, Anneslie was wiry and fleshless, hardened by constant exercise, and as nimble as a cat. Katrington was soon out of breath, and nearly stifled in his close helmet. One after another his weapons were struck from his grasp. At last he sank to the ground, unwounded indeed, but utterly exhausted. Anneslie appeared to have the fight in hand; but, blinded by sweat and dust, he could not see exactly where his antagonist lay. Drawing his dagger he flung himself, as he thought, on Katrington, but missing his aim fell stunned on the sand. Before he could recover the squire picked himself up, and staggered to and fro, until, stumbling over Anneslie's legs, he fell with all his weight upon him. He was, however, too far spent to use his advantage, and after some short delay the king gave the signal, and the champions were parted. Anneslie, though undermost, was confident of winning, and begged to be left undisturbed, but in vain. The squire was raised and carried away, helpless and senseless, to his chair, while Anneslie, rising lightly, marched up to the royal chair, and entreated that the fight might be allowed to go on. As he was noisily seconded by the crowd, which looked rather unruly, this was granted. Anneslie, accordingly, was laid prostrate; but when they attempted to replace the squire he fell heavily from his chair on his face. There was an end to the duel. Anneslie did not press for the infliction of the usual penalties, so Katrington was removed in a high fever, and died next morning.

## THE WANDERING JEW.

THROUGH all the Middle Ages we trace the weird figure of a man, downcast and grave, who, unhasting, unresting, must march on to the day of doom. The Wandering Jew, sometimes buried in Armenian convents or the deserts of Central Asia, in the burning plains of Africa or the snowy heights of the Caucasus, suddenly appears in the haunts of more civilized Europe, and tells, as an eye-witness, the sad story of the Crucifixion, and his share in the contumely cast upon the God-man. He had thrown himself into the flaming city of Jerusalem under the Roman swords; he had fought against Gauls, Germans, and Saracens; but no lance would enter his charmed body—no arrow pierce the heart that longed to be at rest. The wild elephant had crushed him under foot, venomous serpents had bitten him, the hungry lion had torn him, but he could not die until Christ himself should return to judge the world. This legend filled the people with terror and emotion, and probably arose from some eloquent preacher, who thus personified the Jewish nation, under the figure of a single man, scattered through the world, and undestroyed by persecution. Matthew Paris is the first historian who speaks of it: An Armenian bishop, visiting the monks of St. Albans, had conversed with the Jew about the year 1228, and from that time he appeared at intervals in several of the cities of Europe, dressed in the old Roman costume, much worn, a long beard, naked feet, and a sad, melancholy expression. He refused all presents but a few pence, which he gave away to the poor. At Strasburg he appeared in 1580, and informed the magistrates that he had passed through their city two hundred years before, which was verified by a reference to the city registers. The last time we hear of him is in the city of Brussels in 1774.

## THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

RUSSIA may be said to have two distinct armies—the regular army and the irregular army. The former is divided into the active troops and the local or sedentary troops, the latter consisting of the dépôts, garrisons of fortresses, troops of instructors, local troops in government towns, etc., the details of which different bodies can not be here set forth. The active troops comprise 47 divisions of infantry, each of 4 regiments, and each regiment consisting of 3 battalions; 28 battalions of riflemen; 9 divisions of cavalry, of from 4 to 8 regiments each; 4 regiments of dragoons of the Caucasus; 47 brigades of artillery, each of 3 batteries; 8 brigades of horse artillery, each of 3 batteries; 11 battalions of engineers, and 6 half battalions of sappers.

The irregular army consists of two bodies—the Cossacks and the irregular troops of the Caucasus. Each district of Cossacks has to furnish a certain military contingent, of which the larger proportion is disbanded during peace. The duration of service varies from twenty-two years in the division of the Don, up to forty years in the division of Transbaikal—about one-third being local service only. The service is not continuous, no man being required to serve with the colors for more than three years at a time. The Cossacks find their own horses and equipment. The name Cossack is generally associated exclusively with cavalry soldiers. This is an error, as there are Cossack infantry and Cossack artillery, the horses and *matériel* of the latter being provided by the government. The irregular troops of the Caucasus are not numerous, comprising only three regiments of six battalions each, a few squadrons, and the permanent militia of Daghestan and Terek.

M. Schnitzler, in his work on the institutions of Russia, gives the following as the strength of the Russian army upon a war footing:

REGULAR ARMY.

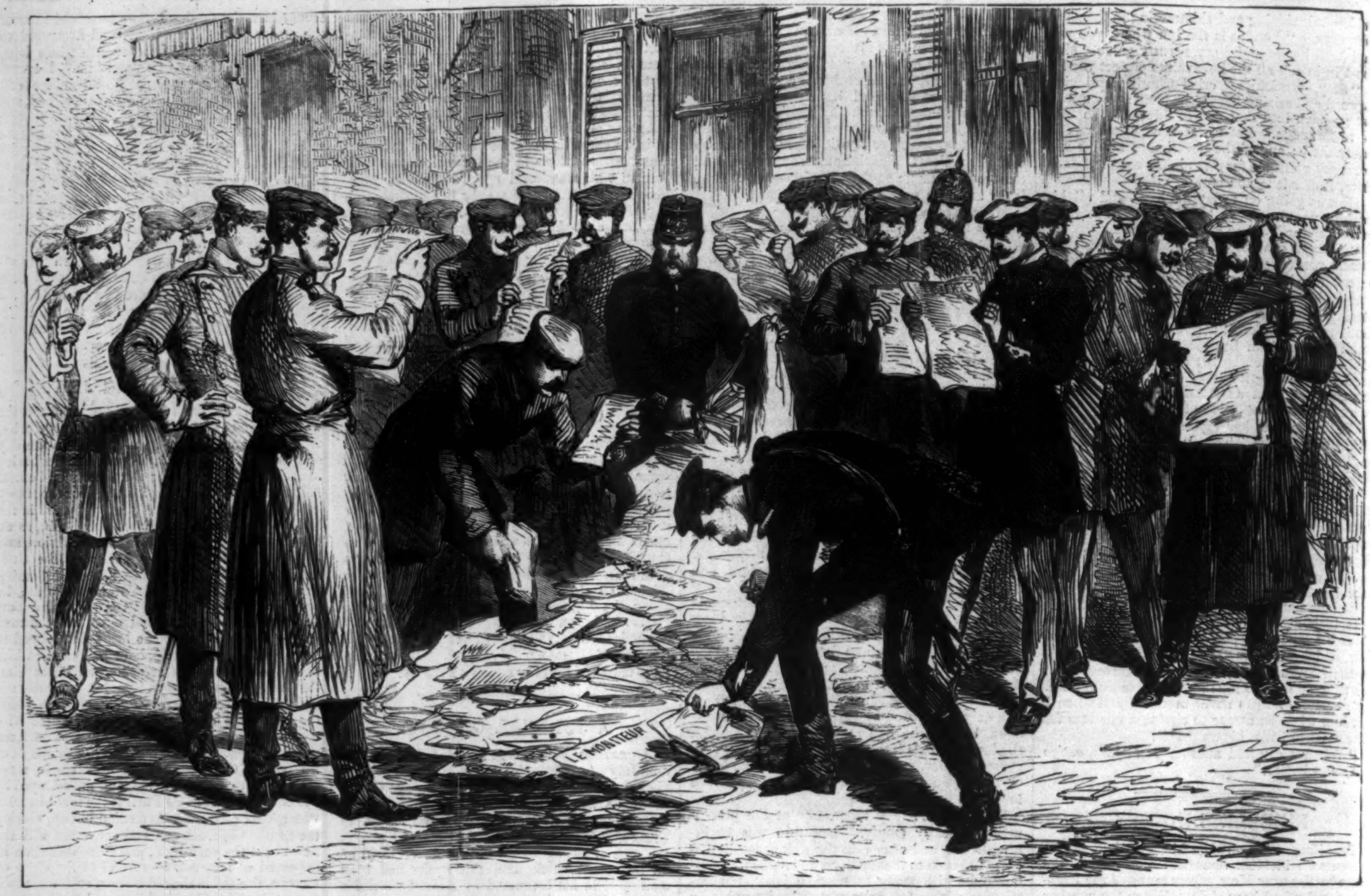
| | Active. | Sedentary. |
|---|---|---|
| Infantry | 692,948 | 284,285 |
| Cavalry | 49,996 | 18,513 |
| Artillery | 70,581 | 27,747 |
| Engineers | 17,523 | 7,637 |
| Total | 831,048 | 338,182 |

IRREGULAR ARMY.

| | Cossacks. | Troops of the Caucasus. |
|---|---|---|
| Infantry | 35,390 | 1,784 |
| Cavalry | 139,892 | 4,000 |
| Artillery | 7,361 | |
| Total | 182,643 | 5,784 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Total of Regular Army | 1,169.230 |
| Total of Irregular Army | 188,427 |
| Grand Total | 1,357,657 |

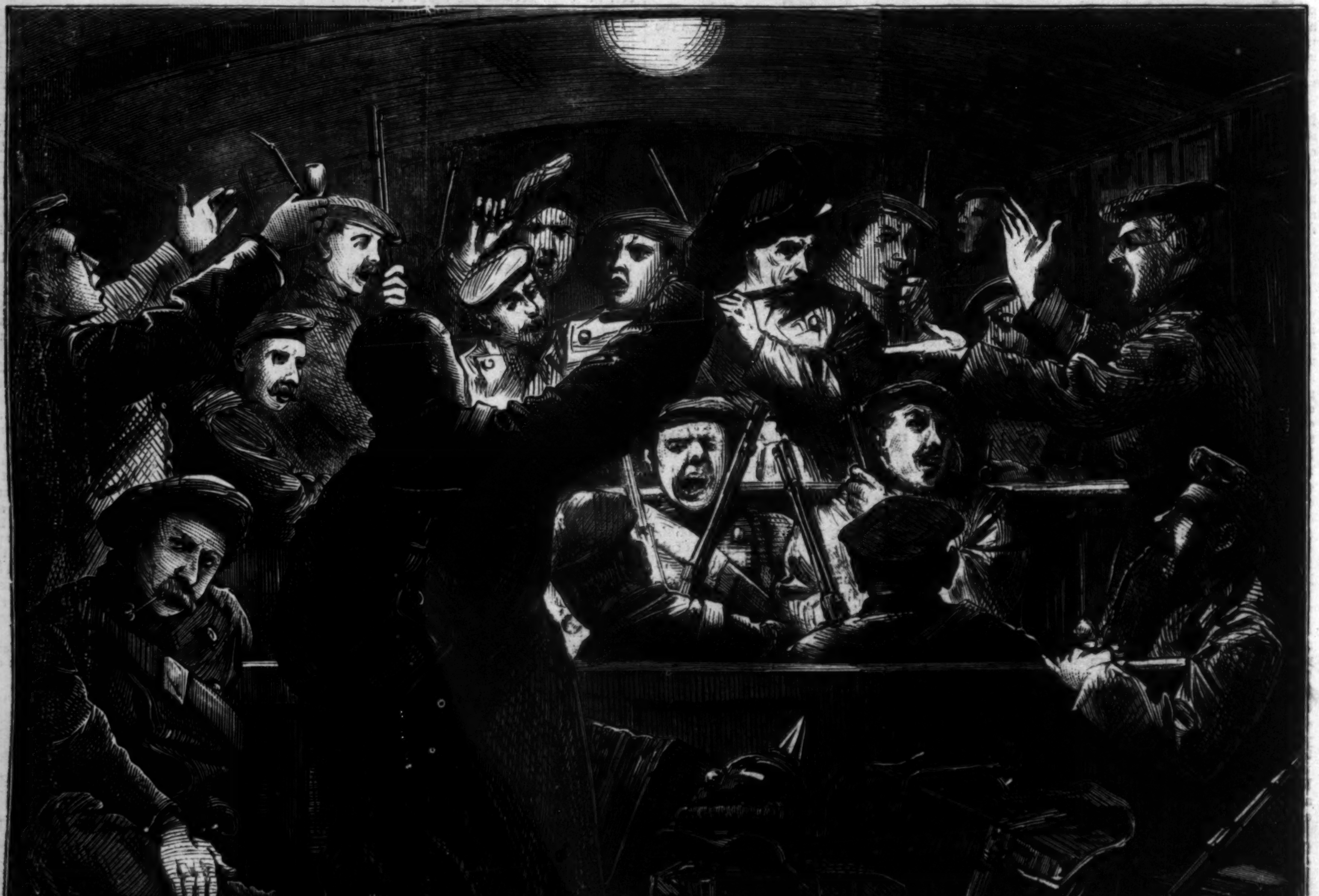
The possibility of another war between Russia and the powers that humbled her military pride in the Crimean struggle renders these statistics of unusual interest at the present time. Mindful of former disasters, Russia is remodeling her army on the Prussian plan, to be prepared for what seems to be an inevitable struggle.



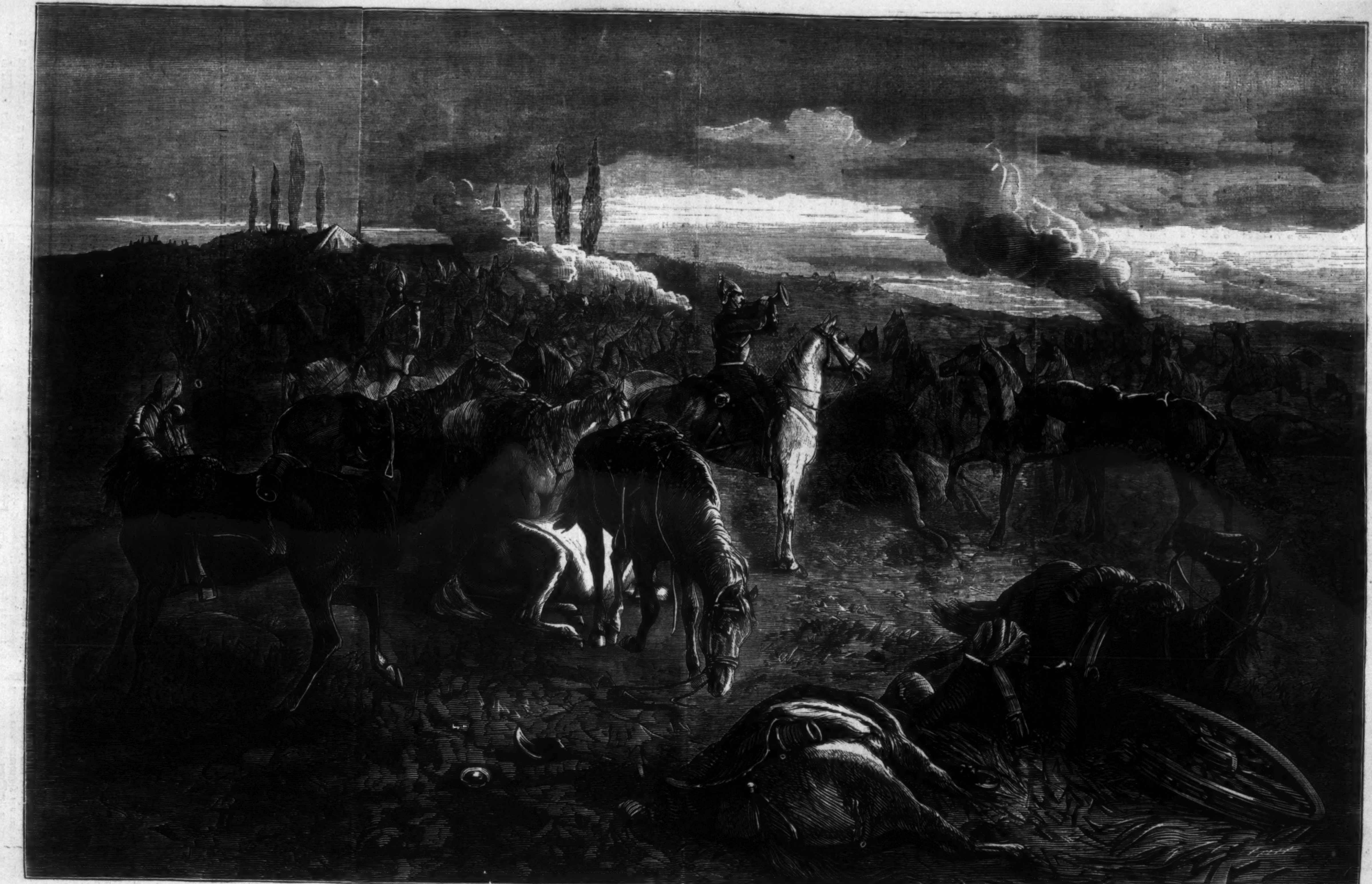
DIVIDING THE SPOILS OF A CAPTURED BALLOON POST.

## THE SPOILS OF A BALLOON.

**BELEAGUERED** Paris communicates with the outside world chiefly by means of the balloon post and carrier pigeons. The latter, in spite of Count **BISMARCK**'s trained hawks, have thus far made their passages in safety; but two of the balloons have come down inside the Prussian lines, and been captured, giving the enemy the first reading of Parisian newspapers and the letters of war correspondents. Such an incident befell a balloon a few weeks ago, and the bundles of newspapers were eagerly divided among the officers and soldiers, as depicted in the sketch on this page. We have seen it stated that the private letters thus captured were consigned to the flames, after being examined by an officer, to ascertain whether they contained military or political news of any importance to the besiegers.



A JOLLY PARTY OF GERMAN RECRUITS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[SEE PAGE 843.]



RIDERLESS HORSES ANSWERING THE BUGLE-CALL THE MORNING AFTER A BATTLE.—[See Page 843.]

## THREE GHOSTS.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

### I.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, although I have always entertained a great respect for them, and a strong desire to cultivate their personal acquaintance; indeed, I may say I have courted it, though hitherto without any signal success. Yet from the time when, as a child, I listened open-mouthed to the superstitious revelations of my nurse, or, as a girl, watched by night in anxious expectation of the reappearance of companions whom I had lost by death, to the present hour, when the rough handling of the world leaves me slight leisure for speculative thought, the supernatural has always held great charms for me; and I have never presumed to disbelieve what I have no power to disprove.

Of course I am well laughed at for my credulity. People who would rush shrieking from their rooms if they heard the scratching of a mouse behind the wainscot, shake their heads compassionately if I venture to air my unpopular notions in their presence, and refuse to credit me with any faith in my own assertion; while others, too thick-headed to penetrate even the finer sympathies of *this* life, affirm stoutly that a woman of sense should be above giving vent to such opinions, and that it is perfectly incredible that any one should really believe such utter nonsense.

How can I refute such conclusive arguments? That I firmly believe the inhabitants of another world are permitted to revisit this I will not say, because I have never had ocular proof of such a circumstance; but at the same time I have received such unanswerable testimony of the fact from the lips of others—trust-worthy, sensible, and nearly connected with myself—that to deny the possibility of such visitations were at once to write down some of my dearest friends as fools or liars. And therefore I maintain the middle course, by believing that the spiritual is far nearer the temporal sphere than most of us imagine, and that there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

Numerous anecdotes rise up in my memory as I make this assertion; but my space is limited, and I choose but three—three strictly true and well authenticated.

At the same time, while I preserve all details and coincidences in which the mystery of these stories consists, I carefully hide the names of persons and places, lest by negligence in this respect I should wound the feelings of survivors. And as to dates, it is sufficient to say that they are no time-worn fables, handed down from one ear to another, but circumstances which happened in this modern nineteenth century to actors of the present generation, and in the very midst of the rapid march of civilization and enlightenment which has, in most cases, scattered superstition to the winds.

Let me begin with that which occurred under my own knowledge.

Years ago, a regiment with the members of which I was intimately connected was ordered upon foreign service—upon a service of danger—and the women were left behind. It was a sad parting, as every one may imagine, but as none except those who have seen husbands torn from their wives, and children from their parents, with all the chances of war against their meeting again, can fully realize. Among those to whom I allude, who were thus separated, was a certain Captain Gilbert and his wife. They had not been married long, and she was expecting her first confinement; in consequence of which he had been anxious that she should join her own friends or his during the period of their separation. But she was determined to remain where she was, or rather where I was; for we were just about to move, and she had decided to follow us to our new home. She had taken a fancy to be near me in her time of trial, and nothing would dissuade her from the idea.

The regiment sailed; and shortly afterward we left our old place of residence, and Mrs. Gilbert went with us and established herself in a little cottage close to our house. At first all went well. She was young and full of hope; the accounts from the seat of war were good; Captain Gilbert continued in excellent health; and she had a fresh prospect of happiness before her.

So that after a few weeks she recovered her health and spirits, became interested in her new abode, and never mentioned the future except in terms of hope and confidence. Neither was she nervous on her own account, nor given in any degree to timid fears; but went about like other people, enjoying society in a quiet way, and without the least doubt but that her husband would be spared to return to her.

The disturbed state of the seat of war prevented her receiving letters quite so regularly as she should have done; but they contained very cheering news when they did come, which those from our own correspondents corroborated. It was April when the regiment sailed; and until July nothing occurred to disturb the equanimity of Mrs. Gilbert.

On the 27th of that month, however, I was waked very early in the morning by the announcement that a messenger had arrived from her with a note for me. The note was scribbled in pencil, and very brief; it only contained the words, "Pray come."

I hurried on my things, fearing she was ill, and ran, through the early dawn (it was not more than four o'clock), to her little cottage. When I reached there I found her still in bed, but sitting up and staring at the opposite wall with a strange mixture of fear and incomprehensibility upon her face.

"Adelaide," I exclaimed, "what is the matter? are you ill?"

"George has been here," she answered, in a voice as strange as her look; "he has been sitting in that chair all night;" pointing to one by her bedside.

Of course I disbelieved her—we generally do disbelieve any thing which we can not understand. I thought that she had been dreaming, or was feverish—any thing but that she spoke the words of truth and soberness; and I told her so.

"What nonsense, Adelaide! You must have fancied it. Don't you feel well? Are you in any pain?"

But Mrs. Gilbert was impatient of my incredulity.

"I tell you that George sat in that chair by my bedside all night," she repeated, "and that I lay here and watched him. He had his uniform on; but I could not see his face, because he kept it hidden in his hands. At first I thought it must be fancy, and I got out of bed and sat in the chair myself, and threw my clothes on it; but directly I lay down again I saw him as distinctly as before. And I am sure something has happened to him—that he is dead."

I sat down by her side, and held her hand, and tried to reason with her, but it was of no use; she was quite certain that she was correct.

"See! I have written it down in my pocket-book," she said; and she drew the book in question from under her pillow and showed me the entry—"George sat by my bedside all last night," written opposite the date of the 27th of July.

"I show it to you," she added, "so that you may not think by-and-by that it was not entered at the time."

I reminded her how cheerful the letters from the regiment were, how certain they seemed of a speedy return, and how well Captain Gilbert had kept his health; but it was of no use. She would not part with her conviction; and fearing lest it might have a bad effect upon her delicate situation, I resolved to remain with her during the following night.

We were to sleep together; but we got little rest. As soon as the lights were extinguished and I had composed myself, I was roused by her assertion that her husband had returned, and was sitting in the same chair as he had done on the night before. I sat up in the bed, but I could see nothing; the whole room was dark, excepting where the moon-beams struggled through the window-blind.

"Adelaide, I assure you it is only fancy," I said, emphatically; "and you will make yourself ill if you give way to such folly." And then I got up and lighted a candle, and placed it on a table which stood behind the identical chair.

"You are close to him now," said Mrs. Gilbert, staring at the bright candle-light. "I can see every ornament on his uniform, every button on his coat. George! George! Oh, if he would but turn his face round and look at me!"

I jumped into bed again, not half liking my proximity to the supposed apparition; but still fully believing that my friend's condition had in some way affected her head.

"You will laugh at this some day with Captain Gilbert," I said, confidently; and yet, as I lay awake all night holding her hand, it was terrible every now and then, in answer to the question if she were more comfortable, to hear her pathetically sigh, "Oh no! he is still there: I am looking at him for the last time. If he would only turn his head this way!"

The following day she was so ill that the doctor was called in, and he decided that she must not pass any more nights alone, but have a nurse at once to attend and look after her; and by the next evening a jolly round-faced Englishwoman, who looked as though her merry eyes were sufficient of themselves to scare away all thoughts of any thing "uncanny," was ready to hold a vigil with me. I did not go to bed that night. I sat up by Mrs. Gilbert's side, while she lay quiet as before, and said her eyes were fixed upon the figure of her husband.

The nurse, notwithstanding her jolly appearance, did not seem to think it such nonsense as I did. She pooh-poohed the idea before her mistress, as in duty bound; but confided to me privately her belief that "the poor dear gentleman would never lie down in his own bed again;" for which I sternly rebuked her ignorance.

I went home during the daytime, but returned on the fourth night to the assistance of my friend. But, so far as her late fancy was concerned, it was not needed. Mrs. Gilbert did not see her husband again, and after a few hours' watching fell off peacefully to sleep.

"And she won't never see him again neither! Mark my words," oracularly quoth the nurse. "Whatever it is, them three days have finished it, and it's all over."

And, without believing in an approaching disaster, I hoped that her words might come true.

But after that day, although Mrs. Gilbert seldom mentioned the circumstance I have related, and never showed any fear of being left alone, her spirits seemed to have evaporated, and she lapsed into a melancholy quite unlike her former cheerfulness. The letters which she received continued to be hopeful and even gay; but she appeared to have lost all anticipation for the future. She even left off making any preparations for the little creature whose advent was now expected very shortly, and she never spoke of either her husband or her child. All her friends attributed her demeanor to weakened health; and those most interested were looking forward to the coming event as the grand cure for all her ills. In this way we lapsed into September, and with the first week of that month arrived a letter from her husband to mine—a circumstance which had never occurred before, and rather surprised us.

Captain Gilbert wrote hurriedly, on the eve of his departure for a few days' leave, and inclosed a letter for his wife.

"If Adelaide should be well over her confinement," he said; "give her the inclosed; but if the event has not yet occurred, keep it until she is recovered again." And then he went on to speak of indifferent subjects.

This letter (which had been written at the beginning of July, but, owing to the disturbed state of the postal communication, had been delayed on its road) appeared the more inexplicable to us when we found that Mrs. Gilbert had heard by the same mail, and nothing could have seemed brighter than the prospects of her husband. However, our business was to obey his wishes; and the mysterious inclosure was, therefore, laid aside until the proper time for its delivery arrived. Meanwhile another fortnight elapsed, and a little son was born to Mrs. Gilbert, in the possession of whom she rejoiced but sixteen hours, but whose loss she took as quietly as though she had never expected it to be otherwise. This event, and the subsequent attendance in her sick-room, threw quite a gloom upon our little household; which reached its crisis when, ten days after the baby's birth, we received letters from the regiment to officially announce the death of Captain Gilbert. At first I could hardly believe it. I had almost forgotten the circumstance of the 27th July, and it seemed too cruel a blow to have to announce to the childless mother still lying weak and ill upon her bed.

But Mrs. Gilbert had known the mail was expected on that day. She was anxious and eager to receive her letters, and the doctor decided it would be less dangerous to break the news to her at once than to keep her in suspense. And so they deputed me to carry the ill tidings.

I knew not what to say or do; but I entered the sick-chamber with the fatal letter crumpled in my pocket, and a face of grave concern. Mrs. Gilbert was sitting up in bed for the first time, and as I appeared she looked eagerly toward me.

"Give me the letter!" she said, quickly.

"There is no letter for you, dear," I replied. And then, as I was searching in my mind for some words in which to break the news to her, she exclaimed:

"I know what you have come to tell me: he is dead! I have known it all along; he died upon the 27th of July!"

Then all the circumstances I have detailed rushed back upon my memory; and, pulling the letter from my pocket, I read over the contents with her. In the surprise and distress of hearing of Captain Gilbert's death I had forgotten to be curious about particulars; but she was perfectly correct. He had left the seat of war for a few days' change on the 16th of July, had been unexpectedly taken ill a week afterward, become unconscious on the 25th, and expired on the 27th, which was the first night that she had seen him. And when she opened the letter which he had sent under cover to my husband, though written before any symptoms of his last illness had appeared, it proved to contain his final wishes and directions for the guidance of herself and child, transcribed, as he himself said, under a strong presentiment that they should never meet again.

My story has nothing to do with the grief that followed, which was, of necessity, great. Its pith lies in the question which, while I put it, I know to be unanswerable: if the appearance of spirits is an impossibility, what was it that sat by Mrs. Gilbert's bedside from the 27th to the 29th of July? Had her imagination alone supplied the vision, it could scarcely have supplied the date. But I shall make no comment on this or either of my tales. My province is simply to relate them just as they occurred.

### II.

A near relation of mine (let us say a sister) was staying with a friend, a Mrs. Long, during the absence of her husband. The place at which she was visiting, a large country house surrounded by a fine park, was situated in Scotland, and the husband of her hostess had gone to Edinburgh on business, by which he expected to be detained for two or three weeks. One afternoon, as my sister was sitting alone, Mrs. Long entered the room with an air of great perturbation, declaring that the strangest thing possible had just occurred to her. She had been taking a solitary ramble in the park, which was surrounded by a high fence and deep ditch, when she saw, from some distance off, her husband riding on horseback along the road. Surprised to see him at all, and particularly in that situation, yet quite certain that it was himself, she stood on some rising ground to watch his approach, which had been successfully accomplished until he drew near the park; when, instead of turning into the drive, which was the longest way to the house, he suddenly checked his horse, and put him at the palings. She had seen the animal rise in obedience to the spur, clear the fence, but, jumping short of the ditch beyond it, fall with her husband under him. But when, with a cry of dismay, she had rushed up to the assistance of the struggling horse and rider, she had found—nothing! The whole vision had passed away, and there was only a high park fence and a quiet ditch lying before her. Mrs. Long was very agitated while relating this occurrence. She did not imagine it foreboded any ill to her husband, to whom she was much attached; but she fancied her own sight or mind must be disordered; and it was some time before my sister could soothe her alarm, and make her view it in what *she* considered a more reasonable light. But by the evening Mrs. Long was quite herself again, and wrote off a cheerful account of the proceeding to her husband. Two days after, however, the same thing happened over again—precisely the same thing, as to time, place, and circumstance. Mrs. Long, walking in the park, and perhaps attracted to the spot on account of her former alarm, watched her husband approach on horseback from a distance, make as though he would enter by the drive, and then, apparently changing his mind, put his horse at the palings, and be crushed beneath the fallen, struggling animal. As in the former case, irresistibly she ran up to his aid; as in the former case, the whole picture, as though by magic, disappeared. This time Mrs. Long was seriously frightened. She did not fear that the vision portended her husband's death; but she so far accepted it as a foreboding that she wrote to Edinburgh entreating Mr. Long on no account to return on horseback—a warning which seemed very unnecessary, as he invariably went backward and forward by train. But that epistle, as it afterward appeared, never reached the hand for which it was intended.

On the succeeding day she received a few lines from her husband to say he should be home that evening; and on the same afternoon she took my sister into the park to show her the exact spot where she had twice experienced so mysterious a fright. They talked of presentiments and warnings on the way; but Mrs. Long was so happy in the anticipation of her husband's speedy return that she was conversing without any appearance of timidity upon the subject, when, as they came to the rising ground before mentioned, she raised her eyes, changed color, and suddenly arrested her footsteps.

"Helen!" she exclaimed, mentioning my sister's name. "Look?—look out there! I see the same thing again!"

My sister glanced in the direction intimated to her, and there, sure enough, she also saw the spectacle of a man riding on horseback along the turnpike-road, and apparently making for her friend's abode, but still too far off to be distinctly recognized.

"My dear Mary," she replied, "that may be any one—a farmer or a servant. I see no marks by which to distinguish your husband."

But Mrs. Long did not answer her; she was staring at the fast-approaching rider; and my sister was fascinated by what she had heard to watch with her in silence.

On, on he came, just as had been described to her, in a quick canter, as though anxious to reach his home, until he had arrived at the drive-gates, and was about to enter them.

Then he seemed to change his mind, to form a sudden wish to reach wife and children a few minutes earlier; and backing his horse, spurred him at the palings. At this juncture Mrs. Long grasped my sister's arm, but she did not speak; and they continued to gaze silently at this apparition, so strangely revealed to both of them at once.

They watched the phantom horse and rider rise above the fence, and then fall heavily into the ditch below, the animal above the man, and struggling violently to get free of him. Firmly believing it was but a repetition of what the wife had viewed twice before, they yet involuntarily ran up to the spot; when, instead of a myth, a vision, a mere presentiment, which should vanish at a second glance, they found a real horse lying on its side, a real man lying *dead beneath him!* Mr. Long, having at the last moment accepted a friend's invitation to stay a night at his place, which lay between his own home and Edinburgh, had also accepted the loan of an animal to carry him for the last few miles—the last miles that he should ever traverse.

What faculty in the wife's mind enabled her to see twice over an act which had not yet entered into the husband's mind to execute?

### III.

My next story will possess more interest for most of my readers, because it happened to my father.[*] He was not usually accounted to have (what the nurses term) "any buttons short;" nor was he a particularly nervous or timid man; yet I have heard what I am about to relate from his own lips.

In one of the northern counties of England there stands an estate which I shall call Burnham Green. It had been for many years in the possession of an old bachelor baronet, Sir Joseph Bell, who had not occupied the house, but allowed it to fall into decay. When he died, however, the title and place passed to a married cousin, and better days dawned for Burnham Green. Sir Harry and Lady Bell intended to live upon their property, and, with that design, thoroughly repaired and decorated the building and grounds, gave up their residence in London, and moved all their household into Cumberland.

Now Burnham Green, in common with most dilapidated country places, had its "ghost." Sir Harry and Lady Bell had heard of it before taking possession, and, like most sensible people, had laughed at the report, and allowed it to make no difference in their plans. Every old house, as a matter of consequence, has its ghost; and they were not afraid but that light and warmth and children's voices and happy faces would dissipate even the remembrance of theirs. They surrounded Burnham Green with luxury and amusement, filled the house with guests, and never gave the "ghost" another thought. But, with all their hospitality and kindness, they could not succeed in making their new abode attractive to their friends. People who accepted their invitations with alacrity, thought Burnham Green charming, and themselves scarcely less so, would, after a while, make paltry excuses to curtail their visits, and, with few exceptions, were found shy of being lured down there again.

Lady Bell was naturally both hurt and annoyed. She had made her house and grounds every thing that could be desired, and yet her friends refused to share her retirement, or to give her any plausible excuses for not doing so. What could be the reason of it?

Inquiry was made, and then it transpired that the fashionable visitors had all heard of the ghost, chiefly through their ladies'-maids; that some had even professed to see it, and none could be persuaded to remain under the same roof with it any longer. Then Sir Harry and Lady Bell, who had regarded the ghost story as quite unworthy the attention of educated people, were thoroughly vexed, and did all they could to remove the superstition respecting it which hung over the neighborhood. They disinterred the whole history of the ghost, who went by the name of "the Lady of Burnham Green," and found that it was supposed to be the spirit of one of their ancestresses who had lived in the time of Elizabeth, and been suspected of poisoning her husband, whose picture also hung in one of the unused bedrooms.

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[*] Captain Marryat, the celebrated novelist.

Lady Bell caused that bedroom to be renovated and fitted up in a particularly cheerful manner; the painting of "the Lady" was cleaned and put in a new frame, and the apartment set in complete order.

But no one could be found to sleep in it. The servants gave warning if it was simply proposed to them, and visitors invariably requested to have their room changed after the second or third night.

Meanwhile reports of the "Lady" having been seen in one direction and another were constantly cropping up. Guest after guest took flight to return no more, and Burnham Green was almost deserted. In this dilemma Sir Harry and Lady Bell applied to my father, who was an old friend of theirs, for advice how to allay the terrors of their friends. My father disbelieved the tale as much as they did. He found it impossible to contradict or account for the various reports which were floating about; but he felt quite sure they could be traced to the most natural of causes, and his chief idea was that some one, to whose interest it had not been that Burnham Green should be reinhabited, was playing a trick on its new owners, in hopes of persuading them to quit it again. He requested Sir Harry, therefore, to allow him to occupy the haunted room for a little while, to see if he could unravel the mystery; and accordingly not long afterward he went on a visit to his friends, and was duly installed in the "Lady's chamber," where he slept peacefully for some nights, taking the precaution, however, never to go to bed without a brace of loaded pistols under his pillow.

I believe he had been there for a week or more, without seeing or hearing any thing, and was thinking of returning home again, when the following incident occurred to him. It was the shooting season, and several young men were staying at Burnham Green; and in the smoking-room one evening a discussion arose on the merits of a certain gun, then newly invented, and which was the property of a Mr. Lascelles, a relation of Sir Harry's. Opinions differed on the subject, and arguments ran rather high; and after my father had retired for the night Mr. Lascelles tapped at the door, and begged him to come over to his room to examine the weapon in question, and convince himself of some trifling fact on which he had thrown discredit.

My father had already dispossessed himself of his coat and waistcoat; but the hour was much past midnight; it was unlikely they should meet any one; and so he accompanied his young friend as he was, taking, at the same time, one of his pistols in his hand—"in case we meet the ghost," he said, jestingly. They crossed the corridor to Mr. Lascelles's room, stood chatting for a few minutes over the virtues of the new gun, and then my father stepped out again into the passage, preparatory to returning to his own apartment.

Mr. Lascelles still accompanied him—"just to protect you from the ghost," he said, in imitation of the former allusion; for the ghost story had been well handled and laughed over in the smoking-room. The corridor they had to traverse was long and dark, for the lamps which hung in its deep niches had been extinguished at midnight; but as they entered it they saw a dim light advancing from the farther end—a light held by a female figure.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Lascelles, "here is one of the ladies going up to the nurseries."

There were a few unsuspecting guests assembled at Burnham Green that autumn, and the rooms in which their little families were located were situated above the story on which the friends stood. At Mr. Lascelles's remark, my father's sensitive modesty took alarm. He did not fancy meeting a lady to whom he was almost a stranger in the *déshabillé* of shirt and trowsers; and, with the design of escaping her notice, he pulled his companion to one side.

The rooms in the corridor were placed opposite each other, and were approached by double doors, the first of which, on being opened, disclosed a small entry and the second door, which led to the bedchamber itself. Many persons, on entering their rooms, only closed this second door, leaving the other standing open; and thus, when Mr. Lascelles and my father stepped into one of these recesses, they were enabled to shelter themselves behind the half-closed portal.

There, in the gloom, they crouched together, very much inclined to laugh, I have no doubt, at the situation in which they found themselves, but terribly afraid lest by a betrayal of their illegal presence they should alarm the occupant of the bedroom before which they stood, or the lady who was advancing to the place of their concealment.

Very slowly she advanced, or so it seemed to them; but they could watch the glimmer of her lamp through the crack of the door; and presently my father, who had pertinaciously kept his eye there, gave the half-smothered exclamation,

"Lascelles! By Jove!—*the Lady!*"

He had studied the picture of the supposed apparition carefully, was intimate with every detail of her dress and appearance, and felt that he could not be mistaken in the red satin sacque, white stomacher and petticoat, high-standing frill, and cushioned hair of the figure now advancing toward them.

"A splendid 'make-up,'" he said, beneath his breath; "but whoever has done it shall find I know a trick worth two of his."

But Mr. Lascelles said nothing. Imposition or not, he did not like the looks of the Lady of Burnham Green.

On she came, quiet and dignified, looking neither to the right nor to the left, while my father cocked his pistol, and stood ready for her. He expected she would pass their place of hiding, and intended to pursue and make her speak to him; but instead of that, the dim light gained the door, and then stood still.

Lascelles shuddered. He was a brave man, but sensitive. Even my father's iron nerves prompted him to be quiescent.

In another moment the lamp moved on again, came closer, closer; and round the half-closed door, gazing inquisitively at them, as though really curious to see who was there, peered the pale face and the cruel eyes of the Lady of Burnham Green.

Simultaneously my father pushed open the door and confronted her. She stood before him in the corridor just as she stood in the picture in his bedroom, but with a smile of malicious triumph on her face; and goaded on by her expression, hardly knowing what he did, he raised his pistol and fired full at her. The ball penetrated the door of the room opposite to where they stood; and with the same smile upon her face she passed through the panels and disappeared.

## AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A WOLF.

THE "gray beast of the forest," as the old Norsemen used to call him, has a sadly restricted reign in Europe nowadays. In England he has been extinct for centuries. In France and Spain he appears but rarely, and then, for the most part, in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees; and the romantic tourist, who has long yearned for a chance of stuffing into his forth-coming book of travels an appropriate quotation from Macaulay—

> "The pass was steep and rugged;
> The wolves they howled and whined"—

is too often doomed to be grievously disappointed. In Switzerland, again, *ces brigands des loups* are almost unknown, except in the wilder parts of the Grisons; and even there the enterprising sportsman, who has begun to congratulate himself on having met with "a real live wolf" at last, frequently discovers, with mingled relief and mortification, that the huge gray beast which comes slouching toward him through the rising mist is merely a stray dog from some outlying châlet. But the boundless forests of Russia afford to this outcast from society a safe and commodious lodging, rent free, leaving him only his food to think about, which latter he provides by midnight raids into the scattered villages in quest of a stray sucking-pig, or, better still, a homeless dog (for his civilized half-brother is always a tid-bit with "Gaffer Isegrimm"), or occasionally even by stopping belated travelers, brigand fashion, on the czar's highway.* Nor is he by any means so difficult of access as many imagine; for hunger is a powerful pleader, able to vanquish the ingrained unsociability of this hereditary outlaw. Even here, in the largest and most populous city but one in Russia, one need only take a walk of three miles into the environs after dark to see clusters of pale spots of light, like the flame of a half-extinguished coal, moving swiftly among the trees, and hear a long, dreary wail, like the moan of the wind on a gusty winter night, going up through the still, frosty air.

Against these midnight marauders the Russian mujik has various resources—the trap, the pitfall, the inseparable *topor*, or short axe, a deadly weapon in such a hand; but the programme of a regular "wolf-hunt" in the provinces is always the same. At some abnormal hour "between the night and the day" you are aroused (almost, as it seems, before you are well asleep) from a rough couch in one of the little log-huts of some outlying village, by a violent shake of the shoulder, and a hoarse voice admonishing you to "get up, and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose." You make a hasty toilet, and sallying forth see in front of the hut, in the dim light of the coming morning, a huge, dark, shapeless mass (which as your eyes get used to the darkness assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge, with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing-tub), around which are flitting three or four spectral figures with lanterns, the fitful glare making their grim, bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, are stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance, and (last but not least) a young pig—your query respecting which elicits from the leader of the party only the oracular answer that "it 'll come in handy by-and-by;" and all being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a "Wo-o-oi!" and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest slowly gather round us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig (whose ears one of our party is now pinching lustily) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has once heard it will easily forget—not the long, melancholy howl wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of Moscow, almost any night in the week, but a quick, snarling cry, as of one who sees his dinner coming, and wishes to hasten the bringer of it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. There is perhaps nothing on earth more thoroughly mean and hateful-looking, at first sight, than the genuine Russian wolf; but the rascal has a certain picturesqueness of his own notwithstanding, though of a disagreeable kind. There is something grand in the dogged and sinister tenacity of his pursuit—coming on, with head thrown forward, and sharp white fangs unsheathed, untiringly and unrelentingly, like a haunting Fate,

> "With his long gallop, which can tire
> The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

But there is no leisure for moralizing now; for the wolves are already almost level with our sledge, and it is time to let fly. Bang! The foremost of the pack rolls over on his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on unheeding. Bang! bang! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow around them with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over the encircling barrier; while we hammer them with the butt ends of our pieces, and chop at their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives—the two hindermost of our party meanwhile cracking at them over our shoulders as fast as they can load. So for a time the running-fight goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. The white skeleton tracery of the frozen forest; the long, snaky line of the pursuing pack, shadowy and spectral, as if bodied of the mist from which it emerges; the whirling figures of the foremost wolves amidst the tossing spray of snow and curling clouds of bluish smoke; the ceaseless flash of the busy rifles; the steaming horses, urged to their utmost speed; the driver, with his broad, sallow face all ablaze with excitement, shaking the reins, and hanging forward to ply the whip; the huge, cumbrous sledge, rocking and reeling over the snow with its freight of struggling forms—all this, seen in the dim, uncertain light of the early dawn, has a weird and ghostly appearance, suggestive of an attack of goblin highwaymen upon one of those phantom mail-coaches in which the bagman's uncle made that marvelous journey which so much astonished Mr. Pickwick. But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader observes, with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through half-frozen snow tries the feet of even a full-grown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time;* and, in the face of a stout resistance, the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, shaggy-haired veterans, who have probably made a good supper overnight, begin to hang back, as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast; the speed of the rest slackens by degrees; and at length the whole pack drop off, as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again into the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers slinking away like a belated spectre into the ghostly shadows of the forest that we have quitted.

Such, I have said, is the usual programme of a wolf-hunt; but in the wilder regions, where scanty population and untraveled roads give the wolf a wider dominion, the sport often assumes a sterner and more tragical cast. Last December I happened to be unexpectedly detained at a small outlying hamlet in the Vilna district (the name of which I do not remember), and almost the first man I lighted upon there was a German engineer whom I had formerly known at Königsberg, and who now insisted upon making me his guest till I could get forward toward Smolensk. We sat late over a very primitive supper, and my host (who is a keen sportsman) was just hinting at the possibility of getting up a hunt for the destruction of a wolf of uncommon size and strength which had lately haunted the neighborhood and committed great ravages, when a terrible noise from the upper end of the village, like a score of voices all shrieking at once, broke in upon our chat.

"Ach lieber Gott! was ist das?" cried my companion, rushing to the door, and throwing it open. The whole place seemed in the height of confusion; men were running wildly hither and thither, women screaming, children crying, lights glancing to and fro. I seized the arm of a man who was rushing past, and hastily asked what was the matter.

"Wolf again!" gasped the fellow, who could hardly speak; "up yonder—woman devoured—run for the watchman;" and away he flew.

The next moment my comrade and I were running at full speed toward the scene of the catastrophe, on reaching which we came suddenly upon a spectacle which I shall not easily forget. The fitful glimmer of the rising moon, and the dying glare of a fire kindled overnight in the vain hope of scaring away the wolves, lit up a circle of wild figures and grim, bearded faces, convulsed with every varying form of passion—dumb horror, blank astonishment, panic fear, the spasm of bitter sorrow, the stern calmness of concentrated wrath. In the back-ground the gaunt white arms of the leafless forest stood out against the surrounding blackness like giant skeletons, while in the centre of the group, half buried in the trampled and blood-besmeared snow, lay a motionless, shapeless *something*, from which all involuntarily averted their eyes—the lifeless wreck, mangled out of all semblance of humanity, of what had been but a few hours before the pride of a happy household and the beauty of the village.

There are certain catastrophes in the presence of which every one is instinctively silent. For several moments not a word is spoken; and in that dead pause of expectation I have leisure to remark the face of a peasant who stands opposite me. He is a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six, though his broad chest and powerful limbs, as well as the magnificent brown beard that waves over the bosom of his sheep-skin frock, might make him appear much older. His face is coarse and weather-beaten enough; but there is something in that broad, low forehead, and square, ruthless jaw, and small, deep-set, glittering eye, which tells you at a glance that, whatever danger might confront him, that man would be very hard to turn. While I am still looking at him he suddenly steps forward and speaks: "It is time to finish this," says he, in a tone which there is no mistaking. "Who will come with me into the forest, and make an end of that brute, once for all?"

The summons does not remain long unanswered. There is no braver man living than the Russian peasant when his naturally sluggish blood is once fairly up. Three men instantly volunteer to join him, while my German friend and I (already sufficiently excited by all that we have seen and heard) hasten to follow their example. Our preparations are soon made, and about two in the morning, under the full splendor of the winter moonlight, we set forth on the trail of the destroyer. There is but one gun among the six of us, the rest being armed with clubs and hatchets; but the German has likewise a short hunting-knife, which has done him good service before now.

Tramp, tramp, it had been for miles, without sight or sound of our lurking enemy, and the Russians, unused to such severe marching, begin to fall behind. The German, myself, and one of the peasants at length find ourselves alone, and halt, in order to give the other three time to come up. Already their steps are heard crunching over the snow, and a few moments later the dark figures come gliding toward us through the floating shadow; but, to our astonishment, instead of three men, only two make their appearance. Our leader is still missing.

"Where is Michael?" asks the German. The men look at each other without answering, and every face reflects the same look of dismay; for we all know what going astray in a Russian forest in winter really means. In the dead hush that follows we suddenly hear a distant cry—not the deep, manly shout of a hunter calling to his mates, but the shrill, agonized yell of a man in his extremest need—the cry of the climber who feels his hold relaxing, of the swimmer who finds his limbs failing him. The next moment we are all fleeing in the direction of the sound.

Michael, while quickening his pace to catch us up, had been brought to a halt by the bursting of his shoe-strap, and must stop to adjust it. But there is *one* watching him who fully appreciates that defenseless posture. Poor Michael does not hear the rustle of that stealthy tread, does not see the gleam of that fierce yellow eye; but he can not fail to hear the sharp crackle of the dead branches as a huge grayish mass shoots from the dark thicket, and falls right upon him as he rises, clutching fiercely at his unprotected side with its sharp white fangs. Yet even in this deadly peril the brave fellow does not lose heart. One moment's grace is allowed him, while his assailant's teeth fail to pierce his tough sheep-skin frock; and that moment suffices. The wolf's head is under his left arm-pit; in an instant his powerful arm is round its neck, jamming the beast's throat in an iron clasp between his side and elbow, while with his right hand he seizes its fore-paw, and holds the brute as in a vice, lifting his voice at the same moment in a wild cry for help. And now begins a terrible struggle. No time to snatch up the trusty axe which has fallen just in front of him; it is a tug of sheer strength now. The wolf, erect on his hind legs, strains every nerve to tear himself free; once free, one strangling gripe of Michael's throat will pay for all. Hold on, as you love your life! though your joints crackle, and your sinews start, and your head swim dizzily, hold on still—tighter, tighter, tighter! And so, amidst the tomb-like shadows of the lonely forest, with the cold moon looking pitilessly down upon it, does the death-grapple proceed. That iron pressure is beginning to tell at last; the fierce yellow eyes are growing dim, the huge jaws writhe convulsively, and from their edges the hot flakes of blood and foam spurt over Michael's face. But how long can that hold be maintained? Are not the strained muscles already yielding? the stiffened fingers already relaxing their clutch? And the five stanch comrades who would rush to the rescue if they but knew—where are they? One last despairing cry for aid, which the echoes of the lonely forest give back as if in mockery, and then every thing swims around him, shadows dance before his eyes, a rushing, roaring sound sweeps past him, there is a dull crash close to his ear—and he falls exhausted to the earth.

"Was für ein Thier!" says the German, admiringly, tearing his reeking knife from the throat of the monster, whose skull is literally shivered by the formidable hatchets.

When we lifted Michael we found him, to our astonishment, completely unwounded, though utterly spent with his superhuman exertions. His first act on coming to himself was sufficiently characteristic. After crossing himself devoutly, and murmuring a few words of prayer, he staggered up to the spot where the wolf lay dead, and bending over it, said, with a taunting grin, "Noo, brat, ya vigral, shto li?" (Well, brother, *I've won, haven't I?*)

We rewarded the brave fellow as he deserved; but in the hope of obtaining him a further reward from the government, we thought it best to publish the whole story in one of the local Russian papers, whence it soon after found its way into the journals of the metropolis, exciting thereby an interest in behalf of the hero, which is now—I am glad to learn—likely to bear abundant fruit.

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* This is a common occurrence. A few weeks since a priest and his horse were found half devoured by wolves on one of the roads leading to Kolomna, southeastward from Moscow.

* In Sweden wolves are often literally "run down" in this way, without the use of fire-arms at all.